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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of General P  p   : comprising the Principal Military and Political Events of Modern Italy. Written by Himself. In 3 vols. 1847.

GENERAL PEPE has been a resident in England for nearly twenty years. But our cold suns and murky atmospheres have not tamed the fire which the beautiful land of his birth breathes into the veins of her children; and although he has seen the best part of his life pass away in eager anticipation of a country to call his own, the old man hopes still, and in dreams of a glorious future, strives to forget the ignoble present.

General WILLIAM PEPE was born in 1783, and was one of a family of twenty-two children; his father being a Calabrian gentleman, of great respectability and influence in his province. WILLIAM was destined by his parents for the church; but his tastes were decidedly for a military career, and he twice ran away from college for the purpose of enlisting. He at length succeeded in the attainment of his darling object, and was present at every important public event that has occurred in Italy, from the time of his earliest youth. He was flung into the very thick of a revolutionary conflict, while yet in his boyhood. On the flight of FERDINAND to Sicily, Naples was very much in the condition of England in 1688. The legitimate monarch having abdicated his functions, there was no government, and upon the people devolved the task of forming one anew. But there was not in Naples, as in England, the material for building a solid structure, to be made out of the best parts of the edifice that had been overthrown, remodelled to suit the altered circumstances of society. Another monarchy was impossible. The choice lay between submission to French rule, or a republic. Many inclined to the former; but the more ardent spirits, and perhaps the majority in number, preferred to maintain their nationality and independence in the best manner they could. There was no help for it, and a republic was demanded. Among its most enthusiastic supporters was GENERAL PEPE. They had a great deal to contend against. The priests, whose influence in Italy it is difficult for an Englishman who has not witnessed to understand, were hostile to the revolution, and unceasing in their endeavours to rouse against it the prejudices of the peasantry in the country, and of the Lazzaroni in the towns; they even collected "an army of the faith," and condescended to ask the aid of France. The republicans did not yield without a tremendous struggle, but the combination was too power-

ful for them; they abandoned their position only step by step, after desperate engagements; not the least gallant was the affair of

THE SIEGE OF VIGLIENA.

This garrison was composed of about a hundred and fifty Calabrians, who had been detached from the Calabrese Legion, which had been organised in Naples by the students and other young men of Calabria, ardent friends of liberty, who were in the capital when Championnet entered it. All the members of the legion belonged to families more or less opulent, and the hundred and fifty sent to Vigliena had been selected from the best riflemen. The fort Vigliena should more properly be termed a masked battery, since it had been erected for the sole purpose of defending the coast. On the 13th, when the Cardinal perceived that his troops were exposed to the fire of Valiena, he ordered that it should be attacked by a chosen band of Calabrese, and it was a heart-rending sight to behold Calabrese fighting against Calabrese with the utmost valour in so fratricidal a war. The assailants recognised their countrymen by the obstinacy of their resistance, which caused them so much loss that they were obliged to beat a retreat, and implore assistance. The Cardinal sent to their aid some select battalions of regular troops, besides several hundred Russians, and sundry pieces of cannon. With these a considerable breach was effected, but the defenders of Vigliena would not yield. Thrice were they assaulted by the Royalists, who were twice repelled, but on the third attack they penetrated into the fort. The besieged, now reduced to about sixty men, collected together in a corner of the castle, continued to defend themselves most bravely. Seeing their number diminish every minute, Tuscano, a young priest of Cosenza, who commanded the garrison, and who was already severely wounded in the head, preferring death to submission, dragged himself with difficulty as far as the powder magazine, to which he dauntlessly set fire. At the horrible explosion which ensued, the bodies of the vanquished and the conquerors were blown confusedly into the air to the amount of several hundreds. One of the garrison, named Fabiana, who had perceived the design of Tuscano, as the latter was with pain and difficulty making his way to the powder magazine, managed to effect his escape by jumping into the sea, and swimming until he found a refuge within the Castel Nuovo, where he related the particulars of the heroic deed.

At Naples, too, the patriots who had sacrificed so much for their country were received with insults and indignities by their ungrateful countrymen. The ferocious mob, instigated by the priests, pelted them with stones and filth, and even proceeded to greater barbarities. Nor did the authorities interfere to check the outrage, although the patriots had been by the terms of the capitulation guaranteed safety and protection at Naples. And now comes one of the few events which an Englishman can never name without a blush, and which he would be glad if he could erase it from the records of his country's history. But there it stands—may we hope as a warning.

The terms of the capitulation were honourable to the patriots. They were to have safe conduct to Naples, to be protected there, and to be conveyed to another land where they might be free from persecution. The greater portion of them were already embarked when NELSON—alas! that such a scutcheon should bear upon it such a blot!—chanced to arrive. He had previously formed an intimate acquaintance with the Queen of NAPLES; to her he was indebted for his connection with Lady HAMILTON; the Queen was thirsting for revenge upon the republicans; she and Lady HAMILTON won the ear of the hero, and prevailed upon him to lend his countenance to the treachery meditated. Condescending to the arts of a pettifogging lawyer, he looked for flaws in the treaty; he found, or pretended to find them, and proclaimed that solemn contract void. By this deed of wanton wickedness, purchased by adultery, he abandoned the unhappy patriots to the fury of their foes, and a scene of blood and cruelty followed without parallel in modern times as committed by an established govern-

ment. These, according to PEPE, are some of the butcheries to be set to the account of "the Hero of the Nile."

Domenico Cirillo, Mario Pagano, Conforti, Baffi, Ciaja, Bisceglia, De Manthone, Filippi, Ettore Caraffa, Massa, two bishops, the Prelate Troise, the worthy and learned Piemontel, and many other martyrs, owed their deaths to him. The following fact, however, of itself suffices to stamp the perfidious cruelty of Nelson. Admiral Carracciolo, trusting in the good faith of those who had signed the treaty of capitulation, had first withdrawn to Calviano. On hearing of the violation of the treaty, he concealed himself temporarily until he could devise better means of safety. His place of concealment was betrayed by one of his own servants, and he was taken. Admiral Nelson requested of Cardinal Ruffo that he should be surrendered into his hands, in order, as was supposed by many, that he might spare the life of a brave man who had often been his own companion in arms. This supposed act of generosity, on the part of Nelson, was warmly applauded, when, casting aside every feeling of shame, he proved that his only object in obtaining possession of the person of our valiant admiral was to wreak upon him the most cruel vengeance. The British admiral assembled on board of his own vessel a court-martial composed of Neapolitan officers under the presidency of Count Thurne. After listening to the charges brought against him, the accused demanded, as was his right, that the witnesses and documents referred to should be produced and examined. Nelson replied to this, that any further delay was idle, and his subservient council condemned the unfortunate Caracciolo to be imprisoned for life. This sentence was changed into one of death, and he was ordered forthwith to be hung at the mast-head. Caracciolo requested that he might be allowed the privilege of a noble, and die by the axe; or else as an officer, that he might be shot; but the ruthless Nelson was inexorable. As soon as the council broke up, Francesco Caracciolo, the descendant of one of the most illustrious families of Naples, an officer of extraordinary merit, a man of the most elevated mind, distinguished by the eminent services he had rendered his country, betrayed by his own servant under his own roof, betrayed by Lord Nelson, formerly his brother in arms, betrayed by his judges, who not long before had been officers under his command, and many of whom had benefited by his kindness, was conveyed, laden with chains, on board the frigate *Minerva* (rendered famous by his exploits), and hung up at the mast-head like a felon. He rendered up his glorious soul pitied by the virtuous, and leaving his enemy loaded with everlasting shame and opprobrium.

Among the victims was PEPE, who, however, deemed himself fortunate to escape with only some tortures, a horrible imprisonment and perpetual banishment.

He fled to France, and there was received into the Italian Legion, with which he shared in the famous passage of the Great Saint Bernard. His account of this exploit is spirited, but too long for extract entire; we take one passage, however, as having most novelty.

THE LEGION CROSSING THE ALPS.

The Legion having arrived near Lausanne, we halted in a little plain to wait for the First Consul Bonaparte, who was coming to muster us. Notwithstanding the lapse of forty-two years, I have him still most vividly present to my mind. His person was very slight, and his countenance very pale; he wore a general's double-breasted uniform of blue, richly embroidered with gold; white pantaloons, with Hessian boots and gold-laced hat, completed his attire. Dismounting from his horse, he began to question the front rank as to the place of their birth. The cavalry being on the right, I, not only from being in the front rank, but also on account of my stature, was the first he perceived serving in the ranks, though in the uniform of an officer; and on asking General Lecchi to explain this circumstance, he was informed that I was one of several officers who, for want of vacancies, had requested to serve in that capacity rather than to be excluded from the campaign. The First Consul then ordered that we should from that moment receive our full pay, and that on entering Italy we should be employed on active service, according to our respective grades. Then, taking the carbine from my hand, and examining it, he

said that the flint was not very firm. "It will be firm enough," was my reply, "in the first encounter we have with the enemy." After having walked through two ranks of volunteers, he remarked Major Orazio Malavolta, a very fine-looking Calabrese, and said to him, "You are a Neapolitan." The other answered, "How do you know that, citizen consul?" "By your nose." This reply became a standing jest in the Legion for a long time after. To another of our comrades, who was a Milanese, he said, "In a few days we shall be at Milan"; and as whatever issued from his lips was gospel, we began to look eagerly forward to such an event, and counted the days that must be devoted to our march into Lombardy, without even casting a passing thought on the Austrians, who were then in possession of it. Skirting the Lake of Geneva, after passing Vevay, we reached Villeneuve, where we found a great number of cases filled with biscuits, of which we received an ample six days' provision. At length we arrived at the foot of the Great St. Bernard. Half of us, after having intrusted our carbines to our companions, began, amid these eternal snows, to drag up the heavy artillery wheels and other parts of the ammunition which had been dismounted. We accomplished this by placing them in the hollow trunks of trees felled for the purpose, to which were attached strong ropes. Neither the peasants nor their mules could effect this. When we had attained the summit of the mountain, each of us received a cup of wine from the monks; to me they gave a double share, first because I was a private, and next because I was an officer. Once within the convent, and seated at a long table with the officers, I drank another cup of wine, and had besides a portion of cheese, but no bread, for each had a ration left of the Villeneuve biscuit. The distribution of wine for the soldiers, and of wine and cheese for the officers, was committed to the monks, a large sum of money having been given to them for that purpose by the First Consul. Up to that time, I had always abstained from wine, and fatigue alone induced me then to drink a little: but if the double portion invigorated my strength, it materially deranged my stomach and head. The worst was, that my boots being quite worn out, I was constrained to walk for three days barefooted; and in that condition, and with the most arduous exertions, I crossed the Great St. Bernard. Mountains and snow produce great exhilaration of spirits; and gay we all were, even on our descent, though we slipped and fell about at every step, and often dangerously. In the course of our march, we used frequently to sing a composition of one of our officers, beginning "Amici Italiani—andiamo, andiamo al campo": poetry rather military than beholden to the muse, as will be perceived. When on the summit of the Great St. Bernard, my fancy led me to compare the Consul Bonaparte to a mighty magician, who by means of his enchanted wand transported us at his will and pleasure; so great was the confidence we reposed in him.

To this we add the narrative of an enterprise less known.

THE MARCH TO VAVALLO.

On commencing this countermarch, our imaginations depicted to us the probability of our being compelled to re climb St. Bernard; and the steep which descends towards Italy, being much more precipitous than the opposite side, we should in such an event have been compelled to abandon our artillery and other munitions of war. We were soon undeceived, for we redescended the Alps on the side of Valdobbia, in order to penetrate as far as Vavallo, and what we encountered in that direction, made us look upon the passage of the St. Bernard as mere child's play. These mountains were in truth well nigh inaccessible, and, to our still greater misfortune, our provisions of bread and biscuit were exhausted, and our strength began to fail. I well recollect that on reaching Valdobbia with the greatest danger and difficulty, excessive hunger made me eat with avidity the green endive which grows there to some height. Afterwards I drank some milk, sold to me by a shepherd, when I was presently seized with the most dreadful pains. The third day we began the ascent of the last of those mountains which, once passed, led us to Vavallo. This last mountain seemed endless, and the summit, when we had attained it, presented the exact appearance of a cone of ice. On the Great St. Bernard a road had been opened for us by the sappers and peasants; but here no trace of man, nor even of an animal, was perceptible. Finally, when with great labour

we did attain the summit, the descent on the opposite side yawned at our feet, so precipitous and so rugged, that we looked in each other's faces in speechless stupefaction. But descent was inevitable, and we were obliged to slide down sometimes in a sitting posture, sometimes on our stomachs; for even seated, and holding our carbines in our hands by the two extreme ends to maintain our equilibrium, we vacillated at every obstacle which the snow presented, and rolled over in spite of ourselves.

When the victories of France put an end to the persecution of the patriots, PEPE returned to Naples. But he was still occupied with the hope of restoring the independence of his country, and he joined a conspiracy for that object. It was detected, and he was condemned to imprisonment for life in a prison whose horrors are thus described:—

THE DUNGEON OF THE FOSSA DEL MARITIMO.

Ricciardo X. and myself were embarked for the island of the Maritimo, which is a Sicilian anagram of *Morte-mia*, a name quite characteristic of the horror of the place. The island of the Maritimo, of that vast and dreary rock on which nothing vegetates, is situated opposite the city of Trapano, and about thirty miles from it. Upon a point of the island formed by an isolated rock stands a small castle, which had been built for the purpose of giving notice of the approach of the Barbary corsairs, who during many centuries infested the seas and shores of Sicily. Upon a platform of the castle, situated at the north, a deep cistern had been made in the rock. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the water had been emptied from this cistern in order to transform it into a prison for a wretched youth who had murdered his own father in the most barbarous manner, but who was too young to be condemned to death. Later, it became a cell for the life-long imprisonment of other malefactors who had been granted their lives. Finally, in 1799, under the government of King Ferdinand, it was made a State prison. The first political offender confined here was General Basset, of the Neapolitan Republic. Having been condemned to death, he saved his life by betraying the purposed flight of his companions. His original punishment was changed to perpetual imprisonment in this den, from which he ought never to have been delivered. He obtained his freedom, however, by the treaty of peace concluded at Florence between France and the King of Naples. On my committal to this horrible place with my two comrades, I found there two other prisoners, a certain Tucci—a second Cagliostro—and the Lieutenant Aprile di Caltagirone; the latter was the very man who, as I have before stated, had fled with Count Ruvo from the Castle of St. Elmo in 1788. We descended into the cell by means of a moveable wooden ladder. This cell was six feet wide and about twenty-two in length, but its height was not equal in all parts, so that we could only stand upright in the centre. It was so dark that we could scarcely see to read at noon, so that we were obliged to have a lamp constantly burning. As it was impossible to stop up the only opening through which we received air, without danger of suffocation, every time the rain fell it caused such dampness in our cave, that Tucci and Aprile affirmed they had reckoned as many as twenty-two different species of insects.

Here he remained until the year 1803, when France once more compelled FERDINAND to seek safety in flight. PEPE was released from his dungeon, and hastened to Naples to take part in the new order of affairs. He found JOSEPH BONAPARTE seated upon a tottering throne. According to our autobiographer, he was weak and frivolous, and entirely unfitted for his post. He loved display, indulged in extravagant and absurd luxury, was a debauchee, encouraged men of similar tastes, mostly dissipated Frenchmen who had followed him from France, and accordingly soon made himself so unpopular that it was found necessary to remove him, and put another man in his place. MURAT was appointed to succeed him.

Of MURAT, General PEPE speaks in terms of warm admiration; the elegance of his appearance, and the affability of his address, won men's regards. "It

seemed to me," says PEPE, "that I beheld in him the CHARLES XII. of the Neapolitans."

The king was equally pleased with the General, and immediately placed him in office. He rose rapidly in military rank, until he was commissioned to the command of the Neapolitan Legion, then in Spain. He found the men in a wretched state, ill-clothed and ill-fed, with an entire absence of discipline. His energy speedily restored them to an effective condition.

But his prosperity did not last long. He returned to Naples just in time to witness the downfall of NAPOLEON, the weakness of MURAT in abandoning his friend and patron in 1814, and in one year after as weakly declaring for him. It was during this agitated time that the following anecdote is recorded of

MURAT'S BRAVERY.

He was reviewing several battalions in the Campo di Marte, when in the midst of the fire one of the officers of the staff, who stood near the king, was wounded by a bullet. The wounded man had stood so immediately behind the king, that all present supposed that the ball had been directed against the king himself, and what made the case more serious was, that the shot had come from a battalion of the royal guard, amongst whom were many Carbonari. The officers in attendance upon the king entreated him to order the fire to cease; but he smiled as he replied, "I see that you suspect the bullet was purposely fired at me; but you are in error, for children never desire the death of their father." As he uttered these words, he presented himself successively in front of each battalion and ordered them to fire. This intrepidity of the king entirely destroyed any latent feelings against him which might have existed in the minds of the Carbonari soldiers.

MURAT's motives for his ingratitude are thus stated:—

Unfortunately for him as well as for our poor country, Murat fancied himself extremely sagacious in the art of kingcraft, and above all, that he alone could manage his affairs in the then intricate political state of the times. I do not mean to imply by this that the king was deficient in a certain sagacity; on the contrary, he could at times reason very aptly, and according to the opinion of his minister Giuseppe Gurlo, who was a man of no ordinary stamp of mind, the king when in council often reasoned in a manner far superior to any of his ministers. However, in this instance, which was to decide upon his existence, he acted without the least judgment. How could he avoid seeing the impossibility of retaining his throne under an absolute sway, when his rival Ferdinand (although forced to do so by England) had given a constitution to Sicily, and promised one to the Neapolitans to tempt them to restore to him the kingdom he had lost on this side of the Strait. Thus is it that the love of dominion blinds men in power. Joachim was in treaty at one time with England, France, Austria and the Viceroy of Italy, thinking by such means the better to conceal from them his true designs, if indeed he really had any fixed designs. The primary cause of all Joachim's aberrations was the extraordinary conduct pursued by Napoleon towards him, who one day exalted him to the skies, and the next would humble him to the very dust, condemning everything he did, not only through the public papers, but in his private correspondence; one day treating him as king, and the next scarcely shewing him the respect due to his former aide-de-camp.

MURAT's deposition, the restoration of FERDINAND, the revolution, of 1839, with the adoption of the Spanish constitution, are minutely described, nor is there any attempt to conceal the follies and blunders of its friends, who permitted themselves to be duped by the king, who, when he found himself sufficiently guarded by the bayonets of the Holy Alliance, revoked his compact, destroyed the constitution he had granted, and resumed the ancient absolutism. General PEPE was again obliged to quit his country, to whose shores he has never since returned.

At the Revolution of the Three Days, the patriots of Italy anticipated from the new régime in France the

sympathy and encouragement which would open to them a prospect of the liberation of their country from the thralldom under which she lay. But the hope was vain. LOUIS PHILLIPE had other interests. His queen was the daughter of the very CAROLINE who had so barbarously butchered the patriots, and the sister of the king who had first sworn to and then destroyed the constitution. It is melancholy to reflect that against the blessings of peace for which Europe is indebted to LOUIS PHILLIPE, there is to be set the gradual and insidious, but not less certain encouragement given to the despotic principle everywhere, and which we now see shewing itself in the Montpensier marriage, the annexation of Cracow, and the prostration of Italy.

These memoirs are a valuable contribution to contemporary history, and are well adapted for circulation in the book-club.

The Ingoldsby Legends; or, Mirth and Marvels. By THOMAS INGOLDSBY, Esq. Third Series. London, 1847. Bentley.

The *Ingoldsby Legends* are known to every body who reads at all, either in their original shape, as contributions to *Bentley's Miscellany*, or in their collected form, of which two series had appeared when death arrested the hand of the author. This third series comprises the remainder of his works, prefaced by a brief but interesting memoir.

The real name of the writer is probably not so well known to our readers as his assumed one, and they will be surprised to learn that he was a clergyman, and exemplary in the discharge of his pastoral duties, although so full of fun and frolic as a contributor to the periodicals.

Like those of most literary men, his life was uneventful. The retirement of the study yields no material for the biographer. The same round of toil continued day by day in the same room, at the same table, before the same desk, hours passed in communing only with his own mind, stamp upon the career of the author a monotony which belongs to no other pursuit, and peculiarly unfits it to be the theme of a narrative. Yet do we all desire to know something of the man who has contributed so many hours of amusement or so much of instruction to his fellow-men—to learn something of his origin, his education, his pursuits, his way of life, his manners, his personal and social character—how he lived, what he said, how he died. In the present instance we have these particulars briefly stated—too briefly to satisfy curiosity. But for the meagre outline of his life some compensation is made by the copious gleaning of anecdotes which the editor has interspersed.

The salient point of Ingoldsby's career may be shortly stated.

His real name was RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM. He was born in 1788, at Canterbury, where his family had resided for many generations. He was an only son, and he inherited from his father the farm of Tappington, so often alluded to in the *Legends*. While a boy, he met with a severe accident, which almost deprived him of his arm, through the upsetting of a coach, as he was proceeding to St. Paul's School. With difficulty he recovered, thanks to the unwearied attention of Mrs. ROBERTS, the wife of the head master. He made himself so great a favourite that he was frequently invited to her literary *ré-unions*, where he gave frequent proof of his powers of versification.

At St. Paul's School he formed many friendships that continued through life, among whom were Sir CHARLES CLARKE, the present CHIEF BARON, and his publisher, Mr. BENTLEY.

Subsequently he entered as a gentleman commoner at Brazenose College, Oxford, where he made the acquaintance of Lord NUGENT and THEODORE HOOK.

His college life was somewhat wild, as shewn by an anecdote preserved of a short dialogue with his tutor, Mr. HODSON. That gentleman was complaining of his continued absence from morning chapel. "The fact is, Sir," said the pupil, "you are too late for me." "Too late!" repeated the tutor, in astonishment. "Yes, Sir; I cannot sit up till seven o'clock in the morning; I am a man of regular habits, and unless I get to bed by four or five, at latest, I am really fit for nothing next day."

Of his habits, so common with persons whose occupation is mental, we are informed—

Most men have their seasons of late hours, and among undergraduates especially there are not wanting those who, after an evening's dissipation, esteem it passing "fast" to sit up half the night nodding over their books with wet towels tied round their heads. Such feats, at least, if not reduced to common practice, are spoken of among a certain class, as those fearful and mysterious ceremonies, y'clept "Collections," "Little Go," and "The Great" draw nigh—as mere matters of course and elementary indications of spirit. It was far otherwise with Mr. Barham; with him a strong natural bent supplied the place of caprice or love of singularity; and he sat up because he found, as the morning advanced, his ideas flowed more freely, and his mental energies became in every way more active than at any other period of the twenty-four hours. It could hardly fail of exciting a considerable degree of astonishment to mark how, after a day spent without one moment's rest or relaxation in the intricacies of business, often of a harassing and momentous nature, his eye would light up and his spirits overflow as the chimes of midnight were approaching; an entirely new set of faculties seemed to come into play; and if there was no one at hand to benefit by his conversation—to listen to his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and observation—he would devote himself to the investigation of some obscure genealogical point, or the perusal of some treasured volume in black letter, with a freshness and vigour not to be surpassed by the most orderly of mortals. At these times, too, his powers of composition reached their culminating point, and he wrote with a facility which not only surprised himself, but which he actually viewed with distrust; and he would not unfrequently lay down his pen, from an apprehension that what was so fluent must of necessity be feeble also. Indeed, he was no adept in the art of cudgelling the brain; and, at all events in respect of poetry, he wrote easily or not at all. The slightest check would often delay the publication of an article of this kind for months; and there are numbers of manuscripts of numerous dates now in possession of the writer, whose unfinished state is to be attributed to some trifling stumbling-block, which a little labour might have levelled or avoided. Of artificial aid to composition he thus speaks, in a letter addressed to an old friend, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter:—"You ask me if I think locomotion favourable to composition. I answer, decidedly 'yes,' the best thing in the world for it. Others prefer gin-and-water; the latter taken hot on the box of the Worcester mail, I certainly have found efficacious, perhaps as containing both the grand requisites:

The force of genius will no farther go;
To make the third, she joins the other two.

"Byron loved gin-and-water and galloping. Your friend Tom C— drinks gin-and-water and rolls in the gutter. Hook likes brandy better, but despiseth not 'toddy' with the easy motion of a cabriolet. M— runs up and down stairs at Bowood and Holland House, and, though restricted to coffee, sighs in his heart and soul for *potteen*. That his mind has been less prolific of late, I attribute solely to the deprivation."

A short but severe illness first induced him to think of the church as a profession, the bar having been his original design. Having accordingly taken "a second class," he was admitted into holy orders, and undertook the curacy of Ashford, in Kent, a population of smugglers, in which he was succeeded by the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, who there drew from the life many of the most striking characters in his novels.

In 1814 he married CAROLINE, the third daughter of

Captain SMART, of the Royal Engineers, and shortly afterwards was presented to the living of Snargate, also peopled with smugglers. But the fierce and lawless inhabitants were always very polite and respectful to him. The condition of this parish may be judged from the facts gravely asserted by the writer of this memoir, that the church itself had been wont to be employed as a repository of contraband goods, and that his predecessor had been known on a Sabbath day to cart a load of bricks, in *propria persona*, to the churchyard, for the purpose of repairing the chancel. Of the same divine it is recorded, that one day, in passing from the desk to the pulpit, he leaned over his churchwarden's pew, and observed, as the result of a long meditation, "Well Smithers, I'll have that pig."

While here he met with another accident, breaking his leg by the overturn of a gig. This again directed his thoughts to literature, to while away the hours of his confinement to the sofa. He wrote a novel called "Baldwin," which, however, fell still-born from the Minerva-press, although having some merit.

In 1821, learning from a friend that a minor canonry was vacant at St. Paul's, he resolved to become a candidate for it, although with apparent impossibility of success. But impossible was, as he was wont to say, a word he could not acknowledge, provided it stood alone. He was right. He was duly elected.

He now busily engaged in literature, contributing a large portion of "Gorton's Topographical Dictionary," and to the pages of *Blackwood*, the *John Bull*, and other newspapers. In 1824, he was appointed Priest of the Chapel Royal; and soon after, by a lucky accident, to the incumbency of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Gregory by St. Paul.

It is stated that in the pulpit he was not remarkable for any peculiarity. He avoided display of all kinds, and was content to perform his duties zealously, without aiming at the reputation of a popular preacher.

Among his most intimate friends and associates was a gentleman whose character has been painted to perfection, under the name of Godfrey Moss, in Hook's novel "Maxwell."

REV. EDWARD CANNON.

For a general idea of what may be termed his mannerism, we can but refer to the striking portrait alluded to, one of the most perfect ever committed to paper. As he is there depicted, so precisely did he live and move in daily life—not an eccentricity is exaggerated, not an absurdity heightened! It is, however, to be regretted, that the great master restricted himself to the delineating the less worthy features of the outward and visible man, and touched but lightly those high and noble traits of character which had gone far to relieve the mass of cynicism and selfishness but too correctly drawn. Mr. Cannon was, in fact, both a spoiled and a disappointed man. Brought up under the immediate care of Lord Thurlow, his brilliant wit, his manifold accomplishments, and, as may be hardly credited by those who knew him only in his decline, his fascinating manners, procured him a host of distinguished admirers, and proved an introduction to the table of royalty itself. A welcome guest at Carlton House, Stow, and other mansions of the nobility—patronised by the Lord Chancellor, courted and caressed by men, to say nothing of women, of the highest rank and influence—he might possibly have become too extravagant or too impatient in his expectations; while more reasonable views would scarcely have been met by a chaplaincy to the Prince of Wales, and a lectureship at St. George's, Hanover-square. This neglect, as he esteemed it, was especially calculated to work evil on a disposition naturally independent to a fault, and associated, as it was, with a humour tintured overmuch with bitterness. His caprices indulged and fostered, and his hope delayed, he fell gradually into utter disregard of all the amenities and conventional laws of society. The extreme liberties he began to take, and the bursts of sarcasm which he took the less heed to restrain as he advanced in years, deprived him betimes of all his powerful patrons, and at the last alienated most of his more attached friends. As

regards the circumstances which led immediately to his dismissal from the palace, his conduct was certainly not chargeable with blame, but was the natural working of an unbending spirit which scorned to flatter even princes. His great musical taste and talent not unfrequently procured him the honour of accompanying his royal master on the pianoforte, on one occasion, at the termination of the piece, the prince inquired, "Well, Cannon, how did I sing that?" The latter continued to run over the keys, but without making any reply. "I asked you, Mr. Cannon, how I sang that last song, and I wish for an honest answer," repeated the prince. Thus pointedly appealed to, Cannon, of course, could no longer remain silent. "I think, sir," said he, in his quiet and peculiar tone, "I have heard your royal highness succeed better." "Sale and Attwood," observed the latter sharply, "tell me I sing as well as any man in England." "They, sir, may be better judges than I pretend to be," replied Cannon. George the Fourth was too well bred, as well as too wise a man, to manifest open displeasure at the candour of his guest, but in the course of the evening, being solicited by the latter for a pinch of snuff, a favour which had been unhesitatingly accorded a hundred times before, he closed the box, placed it in Mr. Cannon's hand, and turned abruptly away. A gentleman in waiting quickly made his appearance, for the purpose of demanding back the article in question, and of intimating at the same time that it would be more satisfactory if its possessor forthwith withdrew from the apartment. Cannon at first refused to restore what he chose to consider no other than a present. "The *creeture* gave it me with his own hand," he urged; "if he wants it back, let him come and say so himself." It was represented, however, that the prince regarded its detention in a serious light, and was deeply offended at the want of respect which had led to it; the box was immediately returned without further hesitation, and Mr. Cannon retired for the last time from the precincts of Carlton House. He was, however, not a man to permit a single affront to obliterate from his memory all traces of former kindness; and accordingly, when the trial of Queen Caroline had excited so much of popular clamour against the sovereign, Cannon was the first, on the termination of that affair, to get up and present an address from the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight to his royal master. Delighted at this seasonable exhibition of public approval, and not untouched, it may be, by the conduct of his former favourite, the king was all courtesy and condescension. "You are not looking well," he observed, at length, "I am not so well, sire, as I have been," replied Cannon with a smile. "Well, well, I must send H—to prescribe for you," said the king; nor did this prove to be an idle compliment; in due time the physician of the household called, having it in command to tender to the invalid his professional assistance, and at the same time to intimate that he might expect to be admitted again to the royal parties. This honour Mr. Cannon bluntly and resolutely declined. On being pressed to give some explanation of his refusal, he merely answered, "I have been early taught when I want to say no and can say no, to say no; but never give a reason,—a maxim which he had learned from his early protector, Lord Thurlow, and a neglect of which the latter used to boast, had enabled him to carry an important point with his late Majesty, George the Third. Thus it was: he had applied to that monarch on behalf of his brother for a certain post, and having somewhat unexpectedly met with a refusal, he bowed and was about to retire; when the monarch, wishing to soften his decision as far as possible, added, "anything else I shall be happy to bestow on your relative, but this unfortunately is an office never held but by a man of high rank and family." "Then, sire," returned Lord Thurlow, "I must persist in my request: I ask it for the brother of the Lord High Chancellor of England." The chancellor was firm, and the king was compelled to yield. "He gave me his reasons," said the former, "and I beat him." With respect to Mr. Cannon, although he thought fit to decline giving any explanation at the time, he was not so reserved on all occasions. "The *creeture*," he said, "has turned me out of his house once, he shall not have the opportunity of doing so again." Whatever version of this interview reached the royal ear, one circumstance deserves to be recorded, as tending, in its degree, to invalidate those charges of selfishness and want of feeling which have been so lavishly directed against the illustrious personage

alluded to. Many years afterwards, when Cannon, who, though of inexpensive tastes, was utterly regardless of money, and almost ignorant of its value, and who generally carried all he received loose in his waistcoat-pocket, giving it away to any one who seemed to need it—was himself severely suffering from the effects of ill health and his improvident liberality, the king, who accidentally heard of his melancholy condition, instantly made inquiries, with a view of presenting him with some piece of preferment that might have served as a permanent provision; but ascertaining that his habits had become such as to render any advancement in his profession inexpedient, he, entirely unsolicited, forwarded him an hundred pounds from his privy purse. This assistance proved most opportune, and served to supply his immediate necessities. He was staying at the time at a small hotel on the banks of the Thames, near Twickenham, from which he was unable, or rather unwilling to depart, till his bill, which had swollen to a somewhat formidable size, was discharged. Mr. Barham, therefore, and another friend, hastened down to release him from a position which most people would have deemed embarrassing in the extreme. They found him, however, perfectly happy in his retirement; clothed from head to foot in mine host's habiliments, and altogether appearing so much better in health and spirits than could have been anticipated, that Mr. Barham was led to address some compliment to the landlady on the good looks of her guest. "Well, sir, to be sure," replied that worthy personage, "we have done our best to keep him tidy and comfortable; and if you had only seen him last Sunday, when he was washed and shaved, you really might have said he was looking well. He had formed, it appeared, a close intimacy with a monkey belonging to the establishment, and spent the principal portion of his time in his society, exchanging it occasionally for that of adventurous bipeds, whom the steam-boats, then "few and far between," landed at the Eyot, according as he found them more or less intelligent than his quadrupedal companion.

In 1826 Mr. BARHAM commenced a Diary, from which his son and biographer extracts largely. From the anecdotes there recorded we glean a few.

Here are some excellent and characteristic anecdotes of SIDNEY SMITH. The first requires the explanation, that when his losses in the famous Philadelphia bonds became known, he was waited upon by an eminent publisher. This was his own description of the interview—

"He said that the gentleman in question called upon him with an introduction from a certain literary baronet, and, after hinting a condolence on his recent losses in the American funds, proposed, probably by way of repairing them, the production of a novel in three volumes. "Well, Sir," said Mr. Smith, after some seeming consideration, "if I do so, I can't travel out of my own line, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*; I must have an archdeacon for my hero, to fall in love with the pew-opener, with the clerk for a confidant—tyrannical interference of the churchwardens—clandestine correspondence concealed under the hassocks—appeal to the parishioners, &c. &c." "All that, Sir," said Mr. —, "I would not presume to interfere with; I would leave it entirely to your own inventive genius." "Well, Sir," returned the canon with urbanity, "I am not prepared to come to terms at present, but if ever I do undertake such a work, you shall certainly have the refusal."

We have before seen his

ADVICE TO THE BISHOP OF NEW ZEALAND.

The advice he is said to have given to the Bishop of New Zealand, previous to his departure, recommending him to have regard to the minor as well as to the more grave duties of his station—to be given to hospitality—and, in order to meet the tastes of his native guests, never to be without a smoked little boy in the bacon rack, and a cold clergyman on the side-board. "And as for myself, my Lord," he concluded, "all I can say is, that when your new parishioners do eat you I hope you will disagree with them."

And how clever and cutting is this

REPROOF OF A MATERIALIST!

His pertinent question to a French *savant* at H— House,

deserves mention, as a favourable specimen of conversational adroitness. The gentleman in question, not, perhaps, in the best possible taste, had been indulging, both before and during dinner, in a variety of freethinking speculations, and ended by avowing himself a materialist. "Very good soup this," said Mr. Smith. "*Oui, Monsieur, c'est excellente.*" "Pray, Sir, do you believe in a cook?"

SCOTT AND MOORE.

I must tell you one of his (Moore's) stories, because, as Sir Walter Scott is the hero of it, I know it will not be unacceptable to you. When George IV. went to Ireland, one of the "pisintry," delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper as the king passed through, "Och now! and his Majesty, God bless him, never paid the turnpike, an' how's that?" "Oh! kings never does, we lets 'em go free," was the answer. "Then there's the dirty money for ye," says Pat. "It shall never be said that the king came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him." Moore, on his visit to Abbotsford, told this story to Sir Walter, when they were comparing notes as to the two royal visits. "Now, Mr. Moore," replied Scott, "there ye have just the advantage of us; there was no want of enthusiasm here; the Scotch folk would have done any thing in the world for his Majesty, but—pay the turnpike."

THEODORE HOOK's passion for hoaxing is well known. When a boy, BARHAM was not averse to jokes of this practical class. Wit, boldness, and ingenuity are displayed in the following:—

WHO SPEAKS FIRST.

The only thing of the kind in which Mr. B. was ever personally engaged, was as a boy at Canterbury, when, with a schoolfellow, now a gallant major "famed for deeds of arms," he entered a quaker's meeting-house; looking round at the grave assembly, the latter held up a penny tart, and said solemnly, "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Go thy way," commenced a drab-coloured gentleman, rising,— "go thy way and ———." "The pie's your's, Sir," exclaimed D——, placing it before the astounded speaker, and hastily effecting his escape."

But our restricted space warns us to pause, and reserve the remainder of this volume for a second notice.

Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine Artist; written by Himself, &c. &c. Translated by THOMAS ROSCOE. London, 1847. Bohn.

ONE of the most extraordinary pieces of autobiography in existence. How far the writer adhered strictly to the fact may be a question. His excessive vanity was a monomania, and certainly he saw whatever affected himself through a distorted medium. In our sober and peaceful times we find it difficult to realize to the imagination an era when such things were possible as here are described; and therefore is the reader inclined to look upon much of the marvellous adventures of CELLINI as the dream of a madman, or the exaggeration of an habitual liar. For our own part we do not adopt either of these latter hypotheses, nor do we accept as true all that he has told. We believe him to have been a man of very vivid fancy, and inordinate self-conceit; hence, insensibly, whatever was associated with self assumed in his eyes a peculiar importance, and ordinary events became extraordinary when he was concerned in them. Thence he magnified in the narration, not so much from any deliberate intention to deceive others, as being himself deceived by the vividness of his own imagination, mistaking the colouring with which it surrounded events of actual occurrence for their proper hue as existing at the time.

But, however this may be, there can be no question that European literature scarcely contains a more curious and interesting book, than this autobiography, richer than any romance in the wild and the wonderful, and affording to the philosophical mind a psychological

study that will exercise the thoughts long after. As it is published in "Bohn's Standard Library," it may be procured by readers of the most moderate means.

The Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. By the Rev. J. T. RUSSELL, B.C.L. London, 1847. Burns.

A LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON could offer no novelty of material, but only of arrangement. Mr. RUSSELL has laboriously collected from BOSWELL and other authentic sources the most prominent facts in the history of the literary giant, and thrown them together in a very pleasing form, so that we follow the hero from his cradle to his grave without those skipplings to and fro which confuse the memory in the immortal and inimitable work of BOSWELL.

For a long time we have not seen a more agreeable and amusing book, and it is an admirable addition to "Burns's Select Library," so often noticed in these columns.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Sikhs and Affghans. By SHAHAMAT ALI. London: 1847.

MOHUN LAL's success has probably tempted SHAHAMAT ALI into authorship. But the good fortune of LAL was rather due to the novelty of an English book written by an Eastern, than to the intrinsic worth of the work, whose flimsiness we noticed when it was under review. But that which may be excused once as a novelty will not be endured as an imitation. MOHUN LAL would be less tenderly treated on another occasion, and SHAHAMAT ALI, the shadow of a shade, cannot expect more merciful treatment. In truth this is not a book that could be recommended to any of the libraries, and one which the book-clubs should not place upon their lists. It will disappoint their readers as it has disappointed us, and therefore our notice of it will be very brief.

SHAHAMAT ALI is an instance of the benefits conferred upon India by the introduction of the European system of education. He early distinguished himself at the Mogul College at Delhi, where he joined "the English class." In consequence of his attainments he was, in 1832, appointed to the place of secretary to Captain Sir C. M. WADE, who was then political agent at Loodiana. When the British troops invaded Affghanistan, and Sir C. M. WADE was directed by Lord AUCKLAND to convey Prince TALPUR, SHAH SOOJAH's eldest son, to Cabul, SHAHAMAT ALI accompanied him. He afterwards followed the army to the capital, and on one occasion he carried some presents to RUNJEET SINGH. The volume before us is a sort of diary of these adventures, and record of his observations of the people during the journey, and his residence in the city, including descriptions of RUNJEET, his court, and camp, and the author's opinions upon the events of that memorable time, and the actors in them.

SHAHAMAT ALI is a fluent writer, and handles the English language as if he had been to the manner born. Like MOHUN LAL, too, he is master of the art of book-making, and we had certainly expected to see upon the title-page the name of some publisher more given to patronise that art than Mr. MURRAY. But beyond fluency and good grammar, there is nothing to commend. For the most part it is very bald chat indeed. The writer has no power of thought, and he appears to be entirely unconscious of the difference between the important and the trivial; to both he gives equal prominence, and he treats them with equal amplitude and magniloquence. He deals with rumours as truths, with gossip as if it were an official report, and small matters that do not concern the story are set down with a tedious-

ness that is annoying. Seldom have we encountered 550 pages that contain so little substance; and, therefore, without further ceremony we dismiss them with only two extracts, the best we could find.

THE ENTRY INTO CABUL.

On the 3rd of September the prince proceeded towards Cabul, distant nine miles. All the officers and troops appeared in full dress, and the cavalcade moved in grand style; the detachments of cavalry consisting of one hundred picked Ghorcheras in their gorgeous dresses of shawls and silks; a troop of lancers from the French Legion, and the Rissala of his highness's personal guard, formed lines on the left and right of the road, and attended him in that order with a band playing before them. About two miles from the encampment of Lord Keane's army, the Shah Zada was met by the British detachments of artillery and infantry, with us his two companies of irregular infantry, the two pieces of the Sikh artillery, and the French auxiliary battalion, together with two companies of Colonel Wade's own escort, who had, agreeably to instructions, gone in advance to await the arrival of the prince, and received him here in two lines forming a street. The approach to Lord Keane's camp was very imposing; numerous lines of tents were scattered about the heights, and the people crowded on all sides to see the sight, and recognise their friends in our party. As the prince passed by the camp he was received with an honorary salute from the British artillery, and a distinction becoming his rank by a deputation from his Majesty and the envoy and minister at his court, and by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief of the grand army in person. The procession was now much increased in numbers, but no confusion occurred, everything went on as at first. As we entered the seat of empire the crowd increased more and more; the balconies and terraces of the houses were filled with women wrapped in *barqas*, or long veils, to see their prince. A man on the part of the Shah preceded him and cleared the way, which was necessary, as the streets were very narrow, and we advanced very slowly. The bustle was great; the spectators stood admiring the procession; they observed that his Majesty himself even did not make his entry in such majestic style. At length we entered the Bala Hissar and the palace, where his royal highness was received by the king his father, who welcomed him on his arrival, and seated him by his side among the other princes. After a while the mission retired to the camp, which was pitched to the north-east of the city, close to the walls of the fort, in a meadow with a small garden in the rear. The prince now no longer formed a part of our camp; he withdrew to the residence assigned to him within the fort by his Majesty.

RUNJEET SINGH.

His correspondence with foreign states, as well as with his own functionaries, is solely dictated by himself; and, though illiterate, he exercises a minute criticism in correcting the diction of his secretaries. An habitual reserve in matters of business forms a striking feature of his character. It is an invariable rule with him never to mention his object to any one until the time for execution has arrived. During the early part of his reign, he and the other Sikh chiefs had no system of official record: business was conducted by verbal orders, and continued so with Runjeet Singh, until Diwan Bhowani Das, a clever native of Peshawr, was employed. When he came into his service, he divided the transaction of the affairs of state into different offices or departments, keeping the accounts, farming of districts, and preserving every record of importance, commenced only from that period. At present there are twelve *daftars*, or offices, where the civil and military business of the government is arranged. * * * The settlement of the revenue, the audit of accounts, and their adjustment, both in the military and civil department, are done entirely by the Maharaja; but in the last two or three years, owing to his bad state of health, he has sometimes delegated that duty to Raja Dhian Singh. He has news-writers in every quarter of his dominions, and the news of foreign courts is always read to his highness in the morning.

A Canoe Voyage up the Sources of the Minnaw Sotor; with an Account of the Lead and Copper Mines, &c. &c.
By G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, F.R.S., F.G.S.,
Author of "Excursion Through the Slave States."
In 2 vols. London, 1847. Bentley.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

SINCE our notice of the first volume of this work, it has come to hand in its complete form, and thus we are enabled to pronounce a more decided opinion upon its merits. So far as science is concerned it is a valuable contribution to our stores of information relating to the geography, geology, and natural history of a district explored, now for the first time, by a traveller pen in hand. Mr. FEATHERSTONHAUGH has prudently preserved the vividness of his impressions by presenting his journal as it was written at the time, and usually upon the spot, with only such verbal corrections as were needful to prepare it for the press. Hence there is a hearty truthfulness about it wonderfully attractive to the reader, spite of numerous drawbacks in the shape of a style at once slovenly and ambitious, affecting, more often than is consistent with good taste, magniloquence and verbosity, with sorry attempts at jokes, the fun of which it is difficult to discover. These blemishes excused, and the two handsome volumes upon our desk will afford much both of amusement and information to the reader, and their value is greatly enhanced by the introduction of numerous engravings illustrative of the interesting scenery visited by the traveller. "The Cataract of the White Water," in the first volume, presents certainly the most picturesque waterfall yet discovered, and "The Pilot Knob," in the second, exhibits a magnificent group of woodcrowned mountains. Every assistance is given to the reader in tracing the track of the traveller by a map conveniently placed in a pocket in the cover, so that it can be spread before him as he reads. This is a plan which we hope the ingenious publisher will in future adopt with all works illustrated by maps, for the reference backward and forward to maps bound up with the body of the work is so tedious that practically they are worthless.

Having already extracted largely from its pages, and being just now inundated with a flood of new books, (which seem to say that the publishers have ascertained from the newsmen how great already has been the increase in the circulation of THE CRITIC since its reduced price,) we must be content with but two or three passages, to introduce it to the multitude of new subscribers who will see this notice, but who had not seen the former one.

Here is an amusing account of

THE AUTHOR'S NEGOTIATIONS FOR A WIFE.

It appeared that some of the squaws had taken it into their heads that I was going to return to Lac qui Parle from the Côteau du Prairie, to stay all the winter; and they had come to the conclusion, that, if I wintered there, I must have a wife to take care of my tent, and be very agreeable. Milor had been consulted, and had promised one of the squaws to deliver a message on her part, which was, that if I would make her a present, she would arrange that very important matter for me. I told Milor that really it was uncertain how the journey would end; but for the sake of amusement I wished he would desire her to point out to me which of the squaws she thought a suitable companion, and how much I should have to pay for her. In commencing a negotiation for marriage amongst the Indians, the custom is reversed from that which obtains in civilized society; and, instead of asking how much the lady will bring towards making the pot boil, you ask how much you are to give for her to boil your pot. Amongst these simple people the ladies have no fortune, "*et les Messieurs font tous les frais de leur bonheur.*" Milor came back in half an hour, and said there was the daughter of a chief called the *Prairie on Fire*, (it would have been an odd name for the daughter), that was *washtay* ("good") in every sense of the word; that I probably remembered her, for I had given her a handker-

chief, and when I spoke to her she had laughed. I told Milor I had given so many away, that I could not remember who had gotten them; upon which he asked me if I did not remember a young girl, with large vermilion spots on her cheeks, that sometimes walked with Renville's daughters. I now remembered her as one of the exclusives of the nation, a belle, in fact, of the first order, and a match only for a considerable personage. I became curious to know, therefore, upon what terms an alliance could be formed with the aristocratic daughter of the *Prairie on Fire*. Milor now said that the squaw had informed him that I should first* have to give her two pair of blankets as the negotiator; then three pair of the very best blankets to the young lady's mother; fifteen pound of tobacco to her brother; a rifle and a horse to her father; and that, as she was his daughter, it would be expected I should make him a present of six rat-traps besides. This, I suppose, would be a fair settlement upon a young squaw of the first pretensions; but settlement it is not, in the proper sense of the word; for no part of it goes for the use of the girl herself. If she has any particular good qualities, every member of the family sponges out of the *futuro* as much as he can get; and, indeed, it is stipulated that all the children in the family are to have something or other; and all this without the slightest return; for when the purchase-money is paid, the mother of the bride takes her to the tent she is to inhabit, with nothing but a dirty blanket thrown over her shoulders, and turns her into it in the same state that the worms go to their mates.

A SCALP-DANCE.

In the scalp-dance, however, the day of my arrival, the men, after praising themselves, broke out into a most extravagant eulogium of the unfortunate devils whose scalps were the subject of their triumph; they were the bravest men that ever lived; the prodigies of valour they were famed for were unutterable; and of course the heroes who could subdue these Hectors were equal to Achilles. In this particular case, however, Milor informed me that two of the scalps had belonged to a couple of Indians that had been shot from an ambush, and that the third had been taken from a woman who was with them, and whom they had tomahawked; so that poor savage nature, with all the virtues that some writers have imputed to it, makes but a sad figure in a fair estimate of human worth. From the experience I have had of the unwashed masses of mankind, I am inclined to think that real virtue is a very great stranger in all those strata of society where that inestimable blessing, education, is wanting, and which is so essential to raise man above the condition of the Indian.

A REGULAR YANKEE.

Having had a comfortable wash, I went to see Mr. or Dr. Williamson, who was here both in the capacity of missionary and apothecary, and found with him an out-and-out western Yankee of the name of Huggins, an odd, long-legged, sharp-faced, asparagus-looking animal, every portion of his body being as narrow as the head he bore at the top of it. This fellow being rather in the pious line, and professing to know something about farming, the missionary had brought him from Illinois to raise corn and vegetables, as well as to assist him in his other labours; but he was such an original, that the missionary himself stood no chance of being noticed where he was. I never saw a Yankee that so completely came up to those quaint, drawing, vulgar Jonathans, the idea of which is now so general. He always calls the Indians "critturs," had got all their interjections and grunts, and used them instead of "Yes" and "No." He certainly knew more about the Indians than the missionary did, and was more constantly amongst them. Mr. Williamson was married, and had a motive for remaining at home; but Huggins, who was alone in the world, was in the habit of walking into the teebees without ceremony, and, sitting down, would take his psalm-book and sing a few verses to the Indians, so that the women had got accustomed to him, and rather liked him. "Some folks is considerable curious," he once said to me, "to find out whar these ignorant critturs comed from. I am as sartin as death that they are the old Philistines of the Scriptures. They can't be the lost tribe of the Jews, bekase whar onder arth is their

* This provident disposition seems to be universal in the United States; for in all trials for small debts in the townships of the northern states, when the magistrate asks the jury, "Gentlemen, who do you find for?" the foreman answers, "We find *first* for ourselves!" which is sixpence for each of the jury at every trial.

birds (beards) gone?" I asked him why he had not taken a young Indian girl to wife? "Stranger," said he, "I allow them har young painted Jizzabuls ain't just up to missionary-ing."

POETRY.

Ballads and other Poems. By MARY HOWITT.
London: Longman and Co.

You cannot take up one of the earlier annuals, from the first little "Forget-me-Not," without lighting upon some ballad by MARY HOWITT, full of the simplicity of thought and of expression, the graphic effects, the pleasing sentiment, and the lyrical energy which are essential to that popular form of poetry. On the other hand, in her anxiety to shun the warlike topics that were the almost exclusive themes of the old ballads, she has fallen into the opposite fault, and has substituted for those spirit-stirring stories, tales without interest and long dialogues ending in nothing. Sometimes, too, she mistakes childishness for simplicity, and prattle for plain speaking. But these only detract from, they do not destroy, the value of the collection before us, which will be heartily welcomed by all who love true poetry, of which a very great deal will be found in these pages, presenting in a group the various ballads and miscellaneous poems which have hitherto been scattered over a multitude of magazines and annuals.

MARY HOWITT, as might be supposed from her creed, has found it difficult to discover themes fitting to her views in the history of old time, and the few upon which she has ventured are the least successful of the whole. She excels when she deals with subjects taken from the events and state of society in our own day. There she is at home. On them she discourses with something more than the eloquence of the poet, with the zeal and sympathies of a philanthropist. And the topics are fruitful enough if any choose to seek them. "The Sale of the Pet Lamb," although the idea is not original, being suggested by if not borrowed from WORDSWORTH'S "Last of the Flock," is a powerful and truthful picture of the miseries of poverty in its gradual approach to the period of its worst extremity, and the agony with which things loved only next to life are one by one wrenched away to supply the inexorable demands of nature. "Elian Gray" is another pathetic narrative of the sufferings of an emigrant family. The miscellaneous poems are of various merit. Some are of a high class, others are scarcely worth the redeeming from the periodicals with which they were passing into oblivion.

Of the better portions is this—

AN EXHORTATION.

Not to cold-hearted, weary care

Give up thy heart, a votary won;
Come now, a simple pleasure seize,
Where a thousand thousand crocuses
Are shining in the sun.

I have seen them oft, and loved them long,
Comparing them, in wild vagary,
To some enchanted lake that lies
Beneath the bright, enchanted skies,
In the old land of faery.

But why need we comparisons,
They are themselves so beautiful:
Are they not flowers, dear English flowers,
Growing in meadows that are ours,
For any child to pull?

And from the dim and treeless town
The little children have gone forth,
Running and leaping, happy bands,
With little baskets in their hands,
And hearts brimful of mirth.

And, darkly pondering on the past,
Slowly have come down aged men,
Feeble with years, and bent and hoar,
To gaze upon the flowers once more;
Never to gaze again.

Here come the children of the poor,
Leaving their early cares behind,
Gamesome as the wild forest herd,
And free as is the mountain bird,
Or as the mountain wind.

Some like strong lambs at play; and some
Culling of choicest flowers a few;
And some, like gleaners, bending low
Keep gathering in a steady row,
And never have enow.

The little infant 'mong the grass
Sits, meekly thinking to itself;
Until comes out a gaudy fly,
Or a small bee goes humming by,
Then shouts the merry elf.

Ay, sing unto the lark above ye,
And freely wander where ye list;
And glean up, from the abounding earth,
Strong joy and rosy health and mirth;
Good gifts too often missed:

For carelessly ye wander now;
But passing life brings deepening shadows,
And ye, in some far burning clime,
May oft retrace the youthful time
Spent in your native meadows.

And God sent flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood;
And he is happiest who has power
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To wholesome gratitude.

From "Elian Gray" we take one fine passage—

THE EMIGRANT.

Ah me! I by his body sate,
Stupid, as if I could not break
The bonds of that affliction's thrall:
Nor had I roused my soul at all,
But for my little children's sake.

Want, total want of daily bread,
Came next. My native pride was strong;
And yet I begg'd from day to day,
And made my miserable way
Throughout the city's busy throng.

I felt that I was one debased,
And what I was I dared not think;
Even from myself I strove to hide
My very name: an honest pride
Made me from common beggary shrink.

Oh misery! My homeless heart
Grew sick of life. I wander'd out
With my two children, far away
Into the solitudes that lay
The populous city round about.

The mother in my soul was strong,
And I was ravenous as the beast;
Man's heart was hard: I stole them bread,
And while I pined the children fed,
And yet each day our wants increased.

I saw them waste, and waste away;
I strove to think it was not so:
At length one died—of want he died!
My very brain seemed petrified:
I wept not in that bitter woe!

I took the other in my arms,
And day by day, like one amazed
By an unutterable grief,
I wander'd on: I found relief
In travel, but my brain was crazed.

How we were fed I cannot tell.
I pull'd the berry from the tree,
And we lived on: I knew no pain,
Save a dull stupor in my brain,
And I forgot my misery.

I joy'd to see the little stars;
I joy'd to see the midnight moon;
I felt at times a wild delight,
I saw my child before my sight
As gamesome as the young racoon.

'Twas a strange season; and how long
It lasted, whether days or years,
I know not: it too soon went by:
I woke again to agony—
But ne'er again to human tears.

As a specimen of her shorter poems read this:—

THE LOST ONE.

We meet around the board, thou art not there;
Over our household joys hath passed a gloom;
Beside the fire we see thy empty chair,
And miss thy sweet voice in the silent room.
What hopeless longings after thee arise!
Even for the touch of thy small hand I pine;
And for the sound of thy dear little feet.
Alas! tears dim mine eyes,
Meeting in every place some joy of thine,
Or when fair children pass me in the street.
Beauty was on thy cheek; and thou didst seem
A privileged being, chartered from decay;
And thy free spirit, like a mountain stream
That hath no ebb, kept on its cheerful way.
Thy laugh was like the inspiring breath of spring,
That thrills the heart, and cannot be unfelt.
The sun, the moon, the green leaves and the flowers,
And every living thing,
Were a strong joy to thee; thy spirit dwelt
Gladly in life, rejoicing in its powers.
Oh! what had death to do with one like thee,
Thou young and loving one; whose soul did cling,
Even as the ivy clings unto the tree,
To those that loved thee? Thou, whose tears would
spring.
Dreading a short day's absence, didst thou go
Alone into the future world unseen,
Solving each awful untried mystery,
The dread unknown to know;
To be where mortal traveller hath not been,
Whence welcome tidings cannot come from thee?
My happy boy! and murmur I that death
Over thy young and buoyant frame had power?
In yon bright land love never perisheth,
Hope may not mock, nor grief the heart devour.
The Beautiful are round thee; thou dost keep
Within the Eternal Presence; and no more
Mayst death, or pain, or separation dread:
Thy bright eyes cannot weep,
Nor they with whom thou art thy loss deplore;
For ye are of the living, not the dead.
Thou dweller with the unseen, who hast explored
The immense unknown; thou to whom death and
heaven
Are mysteries no more; whose soul is stored
With knowledge for which man hath vainly striven;
Beloved child, oh! when shall I lie down
With thee beneath fair trees that cannot fade?
When from the immortal rivers quench my thirst?
Life's journey speedeth on;
Yet for a little while we walk in shade;
Anon, by death the cloud is all dispersed;
Then o'er the hills of heaven the eternal day doth burst.

EDUCATION.

Algebra made easy: chiefly intended for the use of Schools.

By T. TATE. London, 1847. Longman and Co.
THIS is really algebra simplified. Its principles are made intelligible by the most ingenious illustrations, and it is evident that Mr. TATE understands what so few schoolmasters know any thing at all about—the machinery of the mind they have undertaken to educate.

The Teacher's Offering for 1846. Ward and Co.
A MISCELLANY of useful and pleasant reading for young persons. Essays, tales, natural history, poetry, are mingled with pious exhortations and practical teachings; and numerous wood cuts are interspersed.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

A FEW of those which arrived late in the month remain to be noticed.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review, for January, contains many articles written with the vigour and independence that have distinguished this periodical from its commencement. In strictness it is rather a magazine than a review, for many of the papers are essays on subjects to which the pages are more particularly devoted, and not criticisms upon books. It is, as our readers are aware, the able organ of the High Church and Young England party, but exhibiting more enlarged views, and a liberality of sentiment not always found in the productions of that party. The present number opens with a second paper on "Historic Fallacies;" this is followed by a long critical notice of the works of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. The "Notes of an Irish Tour," by an English M.P. are continued, and at this moment, when everything relating to Ireland is of paramount interest, the observations of an intelligent and keen-sighted observer will be welcomed by all parties. An article on the Church of Scotland enters fully into that difficult question. A highly-spiced essay, entitled "Puritanical Presumption," embodies the spirit of this Review and its writers on the differences between the two parties into which the Church is now divided. By way of variety a sort of tale is introduced, expanding an anecdote of the great rebellion, under the name of "Regalia Sepulta." Some short notices of books and university intelligence complete the number.

Among the new periodicals introduced by the new year is the *Work-Table Magazine*, edited by Mrs. MEE and Miss AUSTIN; it is richly illustrated with patterns of braiding and church needle-work, accompanied with full instructions, and we have no doubt it will prove an acceptable and useful addition to the boudoir.

Simmond's Colonial Magazine, for December, contains the usual variety of valuable intelligence relative to our huge Colonial Empire.

Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine, No. III. New Series.—This organ of Scotch Protestantism, as they are pleased to term it—though we must confess ourselves at a loss to understand what sect in Scotland is *not* Protestant, opens with an exhortation to electors to choose only persons of the religious views of the writer, regardless of political opinions. Other articles of more general interest are on "Verrier's Planet," and "Periodicals for the People." This magazine espouses the Free Kirk party, and their game is manifestly to represent the Old Kirk as untrue to Protestant principles, and itself as "the regular and only Jarley." These disputes of rival sectaries would be amusing to an on-looker, if they were not in their consequences so sad.

The Florist's Journal is another new periodical. It is illustrated with two beautifully coloured plates of flowers; it contains much useful information relating to floriculture, and there is appended the commencement of a Dictionary of Fruit and Vegetables, paged so as to be bound, when completed, in a distinct volume.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Digest of the Evidence taken before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Andover Union; with some Introductory Remarks. By a Barrister. London: Murray.

INTO this long and tedious dispute, with its strange revelations, we have no inclination to enter. Enough that we place upon this literary record of the week the publication of a laborious digest of the evidence adduced, with some seventy pages of introductory comment by an anonymous but able pen inspired by very strong feelings upon the questions incidentally raised in the inquiry.

RELIGION.

Observations on Sunday School Instruction, &c. By the Rev. JOHN GREGG, A.B. Dublin: Curry and Co. AN address delivered to Sunday School Teachers, eloquently and energetically pointing out their duties, and exhorting to the faithful discharge of them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Orators of the Age; comprising Portraits, Critical, Biographical, and Descriptive. By G. H. FRANCIS, Esq. Editor of "The Maxims and Opinions of the Duke of WELLINGTON." London, 1847. Nickisson.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of these sketches appeared in *Frazer's Magazine*. There they attracted so much attention that the author has been induced to collect them into a volume, remodelling some and adding others.

With this, as with every book of its class, the portraits, separately presented, month after month, were much more pleasing than they now appear, crowded thus into a gallery. The reason of this probably is, that the language of description is too limited to permit of a different form of expression for each character portrayed. Hence a seeming sameness of manner which wearies after a few pages; the eye dwells upon the same language of praise or censure, the same traits of character, of attitude, of countenance, of tone, until the attention flags, and the mind ceases clearly to discern the differences between the several personages passed in review before it. So they who would thoroughly appreciate the contents of this volume should not set themselves to read it right through, but should rather distribute their amusement over many evenings, perusing only one or two of the sketches at each sitting: thus they will be properly appreciated without that weariness of repetition which we have noticed, and which is not so much a defect in the author as inherent in the very nature of his task. Mr. FRANCIS has been more successful in grappling with it than most of his predecessors in the same class of compositions, but he has not wholly removed the objection, and therefore we recommend that he be read after the fashion above described.

Sketches of twenty-eight living orators are contained in the volume, comprising the leading men of all parties and in both Houses of Parliament, with the introduction of one ecclesiastic, the Rev. HUGH M'NEILE. Upon the whole, Mr. FRANCIS forms a fair and impartial estimate of individual merits, never permitting his political feelings to bias his judgment in awarding praise or blame according to desert. His leanings are always towards laudation, as might be expected when dealing with the reputations of contemporaries; but he does not blink any obvious faults, nor does he scruple to lay bare to them the weak points of their intellectual characters. It is a great merit in Mr. FRANCIS, that on rising from the perusal of his book, although he has been freely treating of the leaders in every movement of the political world during the last twenty years, it is impossible to gather from any visible leanings what are his own political principles, or to what party he belongs.

The first portrait presented is that of Sir ROBERT PEEL, and it is prefaced by some remarks on the present state of oratory in England. Mr. FRANCIS considers that it is a *growing* power, and that the position of it will become more and more requisite to advancement in public life. The influence of public opinion is recognised in practice by those who pretend in words to disown it. All parties condescend to appeal to it, all court it, all resort to the means by which it is to be won. Whether for good or ill, this direction has been given, and it is too late to attempt to stem the tide. The man who would now command must court the multi-

tude, and this can only be done by the power of eloquence. We do not remember to have seen before the substance of the following remarks, although their truth will be apparent.

REPUTATIONS IN AND OUT OF THE HOUSE.

The leaders of party in both Houses of Parliament are judged by the public according to a standard totally different from that by which they judge each other. In the one case, the measure of merit is political opinion; in the other, it is talent. If you go into private society, or among people in the country, nothing is more common than to find my Lord This or Sir James That depreciated on the score of his being a Tory, Whig, Radical, or Chartist; or to hear him denounced as being politically ruined, because of some apostasy—some avowed or suspected change of party. Yet place these very detractors in the gallery of one of the Houses of Parliament, and they would see the objects of their criticism ruling paramount over the one or the other assembly, listened to with deference and attention, and treated with respect, even by the persons supposed to be injured by their tergiversation. Without stopping to inquire into the morality of these apparent contradictions, they may be at once ascribed to a species of necessity. The Parliament is an arena for the free discussion of principles. The House of Commons has often been called a giant debating club; and very often, at the time of great party struggles, it deserves that name. But ordinarily it takes a higher ground. It is not a mere battle-field for gladiatorial combats, the aim of which is personal distinction and public honour alone, but an assembly in which the opinions and interests of rival classes are set forth and judged by the master-spirits of the time, who are the real legislators, in order that they may be as far as possible equalised, and mutually satisfied, without too great several sacrifice. For this purpose it is necessary that those views and interests should be set forth clearly to either House; and the men who can do this the most effectually, pointedly, or truly, are those who become eminent. If they can superadd the charms of eloquence to its more essential requisites, their power is the greater; but the fact remains the same, that it is to the ability with which the individual expounds his opinions, not to the supposed honesty of his convictions, that respect is paid. If this be disputed, let the reader run over the names of the most distinguished orators now in Parliament, and he will find that, with a few exceptions (and those the men of the less talent), they are all now engaged successfully in defending opinions which during their former lives they had attacked. The power of exposition, then, not the tendency of the opinions, is the standard of merit in our Parliament.

The oratorical powers of Sir ROBERT PEEL are very elaborately analysed, especially as exhibited when out of office. But Mr. FRANCIS has not omitted the change that manifested itself with

SIR ROBERT PEEL IN OFFICE.

There are occasions—and they have multiplied during the last year or two—when he boldly throws aside all these arts of finesse, and assumes a much more lofty position. Patient, pains-taking, a dissembler, even politically speaking a hypocrite, in order to obtain power, he no sooner felt the sceptre firm in his grasp, than his mind seemed to expand; he grew in moral stature; he disdained to look back at the tortuous path by which he had ascended, but pressed with proud confidence forward. A magical change came over Sir Robert Peel from the hour that he finally resolved to make the attempt to obtain a pure majority of the House of Commons without the aid of the agricultural members; to be the minister, not of a party, but of the nation. Whether it was that the desperate nature of the game, and the magnitude of the stake (nothing less than the fealty of a party and the reputation of a life) inspired an unwonted magnanimity; or that, a long-sought opportunity having arrived for throwing off a mask of hateful subserviency, Sir Robert Peel now for the first time displayed his real character; assuredly there was in his speeches during the last two years, and especially the last six months of his official life, a tone to which his contemporaries were wholly unaccustomed. With a sense of power, and a consciousness of self-sacrifice, he assumed the air, now of a dictator, now of a martyr. Defiance to the agriculturists, and threats to the

legitimate opposition, were backed by a kind of covert appeal to the public out of doors. Occasional flashes of spirit, rare but emphatic and decisive instances of plain-speaking, induced a momentary doubt whether this man, so metamorphosed by a great peril and an unparalleled responsibility, could really be the same Sir Robert Peel whose name had long been a by-word for plausibility and slipperiness in statesmanship, whom you had so often seen shivering with ludicrous indecision, on the very brink of a positive declaration. But it is a singular fact, illustrating the real character of Sir Robert Peel, that at every great crisis of his public life,—on bringing in the Emancipation Bill, on assuming office in 1834, and finally, on introducing the measure for repeal of the Corn-law,—he has thus flung aside his disguise, and has spoken out plainly and boldly his real mind, regardless of personal consequences. This may have been magnanimity; it may have been moral hardihood; political passions will always usurp in such cases the decision of a calm judgment.

Very graphic is the sketch of

THE ORATORY OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Can that little, quiet, fragile, modest, almost insignificant-looking man, so neat, plain, and formal in his black coat and snow-white neckcloth, who sits with his legs crossed "anyhow," and his hat overshadowing his small sharp features till they are scarcely seen—can that be Lord John Russell? Is he really the leader of that compact and numerous party? And has he the power or the skill to rule and rein them in; to amalgamate all their discordant varieties; to tame their political violence, of which you have heard and seen so much; to pour the oil of his philosophic spirit on the troubled waters of their excited passions; to beguile them into suspending or giving up their cherished opinions and settled purposes, and cordially uniting in working out his views, and respecting, if not obeying, his will? When you regard the *physique* of Sir Robert Peel; his full, commanding figure, his intellectual face and head, his handsome expressive countenance, his erect and manly bearing; you are half tempted to believe, on trust, all you have heard of his magical influence over the House of Commons: but no persuasion will induce you to think that the diminutive model of a man who has been pointed out to you as Lord John Russell—whom Lord Palmerston, his next neighbour, might almost dandle in his arms—can possess those qualities which history tells us are necessary in order to sway popular assemblies. In a few moments he takes off his hat and rises from his seat; advancing to the table to speak. Now, for the first time, you see something that prepossesses. His head, though small, is finely shaped; it is a highly intellectual head, and the brow is wide and deep. The face, broad and firm-set, sphynx-like in shape, is not of faultless outline, but it is strongly marked with character. A thoughtful repose, slightly tinged with melancholy, pervades it. The features are sharply defined; they look more so in the extreme paleness of the complexion—a paleness not of ill-health, but of refined breeding. The mouth is wide, but finely shaped; surrounded with a marked line, as though it were often made the vehicle of expression, while the lips are firmly compressed, as from habitual thought. The eye is quick and intelligent, the nose straight and decided, the eyebrows dark and well arched, and the whole face, which seems smaller still than it is from the absence of whiskers, is surmounted by dark and scanty hair, which leaves disclosed the whole depth of an ample and intellectual forehead. A moment more, and you are struck with the proportions, though small, of his frame—his attitude erect, his chest expanded. You begin to perceive that a little man need not of necessity be insignificant. There is a presence upon him, a firm compactness of outline, a self-possessed manner, a consciousness of latent strength, that lead you to abandon your unfavourable view of his physical attributes, and to hope much from his moral and intellectual qualities. He speaks, and for a time your disappointment returns. You have seen him make one step forward to the table, look all round the House, then make a step back again into his old place; then with the right arm stretched partly out, and his face half turned to his own supporters, he begins. His voice is feeble in quality and monotonous. It is thin, and there is a twang upon it which smacks of aristocratic affectation; but it is distinct. He is, perhaps, about to answer some speech, or to attack some measure, of Sir Robert

Peel. He goes on in level strain, uttering a few of the most obvious commonplaces of apology or of deprecation, till the idea of mediocrity grows irresistibly upon your mind. Yet the House seem to listen anxiously—they would not do so if they did not know their man. Wait a little. A cheer comes from around him; it bears in it the effeminate laugh of Mr. Ward, the deep bassoon note of Mr. Warburton, the shrill scream of Mr. Sheil, the loud, hearty shout of Mr. Wakley, and the delighted chorus of the Radicals and manufacturers. Nay, even on the opposite side, the "point" has not been without its effect, as many a suppressed titter testifies. All the level commonplace, it seems, was but the stringing of the bow; at the moment when least expected, the cool, prepared marksman has shot his arrow of keen and polished sarcasm at Sir Robert Peel, whom it has fleshed, if not transfixed. You follow the speaker a little longer, now fairly interested in him, even though opposed to his opinions, and you find that he has more of those arrows in his quiver. And then he proceeds, during a speech of perhaps an hour and a half, developing those characteristics of his mind which we have described in detail; now earning approval by his enlarged and statesmanlike views, now lowering himself to the level of the various prejudices of his party; alternately compelling respect and admiration or provoking something like contempt; now rousing his own side to cheers against their opponents, and now stimulating those opponents to laugh at or suspect their own leaders; but always exhibiting power, self-possession, tact, skill, parliamentary and political knowledge, command of language, and felicity of diction, surpassed by but a few of the distinguished men of the day. Meanwhile you have lost sight of the defects of the speaker—defects of voice, manner, and action, which place him as far below Sir Robert Peel, in the merely mechanical part of oratory, as his occasional elevation of thought and happy choice of language place him in these respects above him. If you had not been thus carried away, you would have been speedily wearied by the drawing monotony of voice, the hesitation in delivery, the constant catching up and repetition of words, and even of portions of sentences; and you would have noticed that the only action used was a constant stepping forwards from the bench to the table and back again, an occasional thumping of the latter with the right hand; when not rested permanently on it, a folding of the arms akimbo, or an action peculiar to this orator when he rests his left elbow on his right hand, while the left arm, raised perpendicularly, is held up as if in warning at his opponents.

Another interesting portrait is that of

THE RIGHT HON. T. B. MACAULAY.

Nature has grudging Mr. Macaulay height and fine proportion, and his voice is one of the most monotonous and least agreeable of those which usually belong to our countrymen north of the Tweed—a voice well adapted to give utterance with precision to the conclusions of the intellect, but in no way naturally formed to express feeling or passion. Mr. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic disproportions. His head has the same rotundity as his body, and seems stuck on it as firmly as a pin-head. This is nearly the sum of his personal defects; all else, except the voice, is certainly in his favour. His face seems literally instinct with expression; the eye, above all, full of deep thought and meaning. As he walks, or rather straggles, along the street, he seems as if in a state of total abstraction, unmindful of all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind. You cannot help thinking that literature with him is not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems or analytical criticism were a part of his daily and regular intellectual food. In the House of Commons, the same abstraction is still his chief characteristic. He enters the House with a certain pole-star to guide him—his seat; how he reaches it seems as if it were a process unknown to him. Seated, he folds his arms and sits in silence, seldom speaking to his colleagues, or appearing to notice what is going forward. If he has prepared himself for a speech, it will be remarked that he comes down much earlier than usual, being very much addicted to speaking before the dinner-hour, when, of course, his memory would be more likely to serve him than at a later hour in the night, after having endured for hours the hot atmosphere

of the House, and the disturbing influences of an animated debate. It is observable, too, that, on such occasions, a greater number of members than usual may be seen loitering about the House. An opening is made in the discussion, and he rises, or rather darts up from his seat, plunging at once into the very heart of his subject, without exordium or apologetic preface. In fact, you have for a few seconds heard a voice, pitched in alto, monotonous, and rather shrill, pouring forth words with inconceivable velocity ere you have become aware that a new speaker, and one of no common order, has broken in upon the debate. A few seconds more, and cheers, perhaps from all parts of the house, rouse you completely from your apathy, compelling you to follow that extremely voluble and not very enticing voice in its rapid course through the subject on which the speaker is entering with a resolute determination, as it seems, never to pause. You think of an express train which does not stop even at the chief stations. On, on he speeds, in full reliance on his own momentum, never stopping for words, never stopping for thoughts, never halting for an instant, even to take breath, his intellect gathering new vigour as it proceeds, hauling the subject after him, and all its possible attributes and illustrations, with the strength of a giant, leaving a line of light on the pathway his mind has trod, till, unexhausted, and apparently inexhaustible, he brings this remarkable effort to a close by a peroration so highly sustained in its declamatory power, so abounding in illustration, so admirably framed to crown and clench the whole oration, that surprise, if it has even begun to wear off, kindles anew, and the hearer is left utterly prostrate and powerless by the whirlwind of ideas and emotions that has swept over him.

This again of

LORD STANLEY.

After sitting with folded arms, his legs extended to their full length, the heels resting on the Speaker's table, his hat slouched over his face as it were moodily, he would suddenly start up and present himself to the House to speak. A rough, somewhat slovenly and ungraceful exterior and style of dress, features hard, with lines strongly marked, and a frowning, almost scowling expression, these did not at first prepossess you; but another glance reminded you how high, broad, and full of intellect was the forehead, and how keenly piercing was the eye. The mouth, too, told in its clear outline, its firmly compressed lips, and the lines drawn around it, how often and how successfully it had been made the ally of thought; how often it had helped in the expression of sarcasm, that passion of the intellect. You were instantly struck with the consciousness of mental power displayed in the countenance, and with a marked simplicity of style and manner. There was no attempt at attitude, no preparation as for an oratorical display. But there was a collectedness in the bearing which it was impossible to misunderstand. He seemed to be fully aware what he could do, and to be quietly determined to do it. The next thing which struck an observer (we speak in the past tense, because we are referring more particularly to a former period) was the exquisite clearness of his voice, which was of remarkably fine quality, silvery, yet very manly; almost as musical at times as the notes of an oboe, yet also sonorous when deep themes were touched, or the speaker's moral feeling was aroused. His action, too, was simple in the extreme.

And perhaps the reader may like to learn something of the manner of speaking and appearance of one who has recently taken so prominent a position:

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

Lord George Bentinck, as may be supposed, has not attained, or even approximated to, perfection as an orator. He was too much pre-occupied with his subject to be able to strike out any new style of oratory for himself; it was enough to be able to deliver his speech with an average ability. So he trusted to old, time-honoured forms in action, intonation and delivery,—forms long since abandoned by all but a few members of either House, and which, like cast-off habits, have travelled down through different classes till they now dignify and embellish that kind of eloquence which one hears after dinner at the London Tavern. It is singular to notice how the infusion of the popular and mercantile element into the representative system has affected the oratory as well as the opinions and votes in Parliament. Until within the last

twenty years or so, gentlemen intended for public life were regularly trained for public speaking; a course under the elocution master was deemed essential to an aspirant for honours. The consequence was that the general characteristics of public speakers were very similar. A tediously slow delivery, extreme pomposity, verbosity, and monotony, action in what has been termed the "pump-handle" style, marked them all, and may still be found in great perfection in many whose old-fashioned oratory defies and survives innovation. The crowning virtue of this style in the eyes of its professors seems to be to end every sentence intended to be emphatic with a sudden jerk and a twang. Lord George Bentinck fell naturally into this style when he first began his recent opposition; but conflict and the influence of example have altered his style even in this brief space of time. Yet to that which he gradually abandoned, his aristocratic bearing gave a kind of characteristic interest, well adapted to the subject-matter on which his speeches were delivered. Taken as a whole, bearing in mind the noble descent of the speaker, his whole aspect so essentially aristocratic, his speeches were emphatically a protest from the living representative of a past generation of statesmen, and of a code of political morality long since abandoned, against a new race of statesmen, untried for good, and suspected of evil. But for some time past Lord George Bentinck has adapted his style much more to the modern tastes of the House of Commons. He speaks with more brevity and more to the point, and has got rid of an unpleasant drawing tone and a habit of hesitation. Fewer statistics and more argument characterise his politico-economic speeches, while his purely party or personal displays exhibit a power and vigour not shewn in his earlier efforts.

But we proceed thus catching from every portrait some features of interest. Our limits warn us to resist the temptation, and close with a recommendation of the volume to the reader, if it have not already in the above extracts recommended itself.

Country Scenes and Subjects. By RHODA MARIA WILLAN, Author of "The Flower Girl," &c. London: Orr and Co.

A VOLUME of very pretty writing about the country and themes belonging to it, such as "The Old Sexton," "Clover-field Farm," "Harvest Time," "Way-side Wild Flowers," and so forth. Miss WILLAN has an eye and a heart for nature, and she possesses the art of painting her in all her various moods and aspects. The poet's spirit, too, that is in our authoress, peculiarly fits her for the work she has essayed. Her volume is as elegant in form as in substance; it is delicately bound in green and gold, beautifully printed, and illustrated with choice woodcuts. It will be a most acceptable New Year's Gift.

The University Almanack. Rivingtons.

By far the most splendid almanack we ever handled. Its size folio—handsomely bound with gilded leaves—every page richly ornamented with coloured printing; its contents are specially adapted to the use of the clergy and others connected with the Universities. By the side of the calendar are set forth the University ceremonies of each month; then there is a register of sermon texts for each month; then a list of the officers in each of the Universities, and then a full table of Collegiate Institutions, Ecclesiastical Societies, Commissioners, &c. It is a work in its class altogether unique.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

FRENCH LITERARY NOTICES.—TRAVELS.

THAT the French, as a nation, are not much accomplished in geography is a well-known fact which might quickly be proved, were proof required, not only by many public speeches, but by the works of some of their most learned men, wherefrom a catalogue of errors and blunders could be made, as numerous as striking.

Nevertheless their literature is rich in travels of deservedly high repute; those in particular which partake of the nature of amusing tours are remarkable for the freshness and vivacity of their style, and the vigour of composition. Among the Travels which have come to us of late, we may notice one or two, capable of imparting both amusement and instruction. "Voyages aux Prairies Osages, Louisiane et Missouri, 1839-40," is a work from the pen of B. TIXIER. This author is no friend to American institutions. The real object of his journey was the study and investigation of the thinly scattered Indian tribes, which, thrust back by the progress of civilization, will ere long be totally extinct. TIXIER is a physician, and in this capacity succeeded in examining many peculiarities which had been kept from the observation of other travellers. In his judgment upon the Indians, he is free from prejudice, and not carried away by the dreamy enthusiasm of many of his predecessors, who, governed by their preconceived notions, only behold in the red skins the noblest developments of humanity. His style is at the same time simple and void of pretension, but clear and refined.

More claim to scientific importance is laid by another work, entitled "Voyage en Abyssinie, exécutée pendant les années, 1839 à 1843, par une Commission Scientifique, composée, de MM. LEFEBRE, PETIT, MARTIN-DILLON, et VIGNAUD." Of this publication the first part only has as yet appeared; of the four members of this scientific expedition, whose names are seen on the title-page, H. LEFEBRE is the only one now alive. Two of the travellers, furnished with the necessary means and instruction from the Museum of Natural History in Paris, were carried off by fever while on the journey, and the third was destroyed by a crocodile. There are some few passages in this volume, written under evident excitement, caused, it would appear, by the ungenerous conduct, and want of friendliness in certain consular agents. LEFEBRE has himself undertaken the labour of putting together the materials that have been collected, and preparing them for the press. A full judgment upon the contents or the results of this voyage, must of course be deferred until the completion of the publication.

While travels of all kinds are so much increasing in number, it becomes a matter of difficulty to give a glance upon those most worthy of attention; while at the same time the necessity of being acquainted with the results of the latest investigations, which are changed almost every day, by the progress of science and philosophy, becomes more and more urgent. Under these circumstances, unpretending works which give sound views of the advance which is being made are really invaluable. With this feeling, we are bound to make some remarks upon a most useful publication, "Annuaire des Voyages et de la Géographie pour l'année, 1846." This is the third year of its appearance, and it is, we believe, under the direction of FREDERIC LACROIX. In this little volume we have, first, a *résumé* of the most important undertakings connected with geography, which have come to light during the course of the past year. Thus, among others, we have a cursory glance at MIDDENDORF's travels in the north and south-east of Siberia, at the investigations of SCHREUK, in northern Turkestan, at the researches of LOUIS ARNAUD, in Mareh, and those of BEDE, ROCHET, KRAFF, and SAPETO, in Abyssinia; with an account of the proceedings of the Committee for Algiers. For the remainder of the contents of this admirable work, we have some passages from the Kosmos of HUMBOLDT; a notice of the destruction of the Astrolabe and the Meeringe, in the Torres Straits; an article from the traveller DUBOIS DE MONTPEREUX, upon European Russia; a description of the journey of RAPPEL to Boudon, with many other notices which we must here pass over in silence.

At the conclusion, LACROIX gives a list of the best geographical works which have been published during the year.

ART.

OSBORNE HOUSE.—Mr. Dyce has been commissioned to paint, on the walls of the staircase at Osborne House, in fresco, a poetical subject—"Neptune yielding to Britannia the Sovereignty of the Seas." The finished study for the picture having been submitted to her Majesty and Prince Albert, they expressed their satisfaction by ordering its immediate execution.

MUSIC.

The Musical Times and Singing-Class Circular.

Nos. 32 and 33.

BESIDES a great deal of musical information, this periodical contains some excellent music. Thus, we have here KENT's fine anthem, "Hear my Prayer," complete.

Handel's Messiah, in Vocal Score, with a separate Accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte. Arranged by VINCENT NOVELLO. Nos. 4 to 6. Novello.

Haydn's Creation. Arranged by the same. Nos. 1 to 3. Novello.

THE handsomest, the most correct, and vastly the cheapest edition of these great works that has yet been offered to the lovers of sacred music. *The Creation*, complete, will cost only four shillings and sixpence! Think of that! Who will not now possess it?

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

The 6th Chamber Concert of the 13th Annual Series took place on Monday last, when the following programme of native and foreign compositions was presented to the audience:—Sonata in A, pianoforte and violoncello, BEETHOVEN; Duetto, "Sapu Vorrei," HAYDN; Song, "Flow down, cold rivulet," WALTER M'FARREN; Double Quartetto, W. T. ROCKSTRO; Song, "O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs," G. COOPER; Quintet in G. minor, pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and basso, G. A. M'FARREN; Song, "In the silver beams of Luna," SPOHR; Grand Duet in F. pianoforte, MOZART. The BEETHOVEN sonata was well played by MESSRS. NOBLE and REED, who made their first appearance at these concerts on this occasion. The latter artist, who sustained the violoncello part throughout the evening, is a valuable accession to the orchestral force of the society. Miss and Mr. LOCKEY did justice to the somewhat antiquated duetto of HAYDN, and Miss DUVAL did the utmost for Mr. W. M'FARREN's pianoforte song. We protest against any composition, professedly vocal, in which the voice is so sacrificed to the accompaniment as in this instance. The quartet of ROCKSTRO—(reader, the youth is a born Briton, albeit he appears before you among *British* musicians, under this outlandish appellation; when will this silly affectation cease?)—is the work of a very young man, full of freshness and spirit, and the highest feeling for his art. If, in imitation of the learned critic in the *Times*, we should attempt to tell you how he modulated from B minor to G flat, and from G flat to C sharp major, &c. you would be, we fear, little the wiser, although we might seem more learned. But wherever his harmonic wandering led him he took his hearers with him, and left them with the anxious hope of soon hearing him again. We trust that he will not incur himself with so remote a kind of composition, in which the effects are by no means commensurate with the labour bestowed upon it. Mr. LOCKEY sang with genuine feeling the song by COOPER. The words are attributed to BURNS, and portray the sorrow of the poet, when, after the death of his "Mary," he contemplated an emigration, which might have robbed Scotland of her sweetest bard. Into the softened sentiments of the words both composer and singer have thrown themselves, with a sympathy which ensures them that of their hearers. The musical treatment exhibits deep reading, but there is no appearance of effort even in its deepest points, and the concluding strain

falls with a lingering sadness upon the ear, so truthful and subduing, that the ordinary tribute of applause is withheld until the deeper emotion has subsided. There was nothing gained by the duet accompaniment to SPOHR's song. It was nicely rendered by Miss LOCKEY, and delicately played by WALTER M'FARREN and Mr. DORRELL. The quintet of the elder M'FARREN is one of his ablest works. The subjects were worked throughout with a masterly hand. A movement, *à la Bolero*, elicited loud approbation, and but for the lateness of the hour must have secured a repetition. The instrumental performers were MESSRS. LINDSAY, SLOPER, &c. Pianoforte, MESSRS. C. M'FARREN, MESSRS. THURWALL, STRATHERN, WESTLAKE, T. WESTROP, DAWSON, R. BLAGNON, REED, GUEST, and C. SEVERN.

THE RIVAL ITALIAN OPERAS.—The directors of her Majesty's Theatre and of the new Italian Opera in Covent-garden, it appears, are making strenuous efforts to open the approaching campaign with *éclat*. It is announced officially that Covent-garden Theatre will open the first week in April; her Majesty's Theatre, we believe, will open some weeks earlier. From the preparations of both parties, there can be no doubt that the entertainments at both houses will be of unprecedented magnificence. While the Covent-garden company will include Grisi, Persiani, Mario, Tamburini, Salvi, Ronconi, and Marietta Brambilla, the company in the Haymarket will comprise Jenny Lind, Castellan, Lablache, F. Lablache, Gardoni, and Staudigl. Of the engagement of Jenny Lind and of Staudigl we have information which we are assured is correct. The Covent-garden orchestra, under the direction of Costa, will be of unprecedented strength, besides including the *élite* of the old opera band; while, on the other hand, Mr. Lumley has been busily recruiting in Germany and France, and has engaged M. Panofka, a Parisian composer and violinist of high talent and reputation, as principal director of the choruses. The approaching competition will necessarily stimulate the efforts of both houses to form a rich and varied *repertoire*. At both, it is said, some of the greatest works of the German school—including operas of Gluck, Mozart, and Meyerbeer—and likewise works of the older Italian masters—will be brought forward. Covent-garden is to have a ballet as well as her Majesty's Theatre. This was not at first expected; but since it is to be so, there will of course be the same rivalry in the ballet as in the opera department. The labours in the rebuilding (as it may almost be called) of Covent-garden Theatre go on without intermission, and we are told that it will be next in magnitude and splendour to the Scala and the San Carlo.

MEYERBEER.—*La France Musicale* has the annexed article:—"It is reported that Meyerbeer has promised to go to London, to get up his *Camp of Silesia* for Her Majesty's Theatre, and that he will accompany Jenny Lind, and conduct the orchestra. Will Meyerbeer have the nerve to do this, in the face of the competition that is about to take place between the old and the new Italian opera? We may be permitted to doubt it; and we add, that it would be an act of imprudence of a nature to disturb his peace, without adding at all to his glory? The report of Meyerbeer's visit is disseminated in the London musical circles, but with a different version as to his mission. It is rumoured here that it is *Robert the Devil* which he is to superintend, and that Staudigl and Jenny Lind will have the principal parts, and Tagliani appear in her original character of the *Abbess*. Meyerbeer, it is stated, will write new music for the occasion. We do not believe in either the London or Parisian report, because Meyerbeer has, in divers ways, expressed his strong indignation at Jenny Lind's breach of contract with Drury-lane Theatre, the more especially as he negotiated with Mr. Bunn on the occasion (Jan. 1845), and the latter agreed to Meyerbeer's own terms for Jenny Lind. Moreover, the Maestro pledged himself to superintend the *Camp of Silesia* for the London manager, and it is not many months since he declared his readiness to produce the opera for Mr. Bunn, provided the latter would engage Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia as the *prima donna*, in place of Jenny Lind. Meyerbeer, therefore, could only come to London with his pupil on the conviction that Mr. Bunn's contract had been given up—an event which has not yet taken place; nor is there any probability, as we can safely assert, of the manager's abandonment of his rights. Pischek having refused to sing in Italian, it is probable that Staudigl might be induced to make the attempt."

LISZT.—It has been stated in various journals that this celebrated pianist had married a fair Hungarian, with a princely fortune. We are enabled to give a positive contradiction to the assertion. Not only is Liszt unmarried, but he is likely to remain so.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Miss BASSANO made her *début* upon this stage on Tuesday, with entire success. At the close of each act she was called before the curtain to receive the vehement plaudits of the audience. The opera selected was *Anna Bolena*, in an English version, but with the music of DONIZETTI strictly preserved. Heartily do we rejoice to welcome the accession to our stage of one who shews the possession of powers superior even to those displayed in *Anna Bolena*. Miss BASSANO has enjoyed a first-rate musical education. She was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, and had the advantage of CRAVELLI's instructions. A patron, who had noticed her abilities, provided the means of study abroad. She visited Italy, and appeared with success before the public at Florence and other places. On her return she was engaged at the Musical Festivals, and at the Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts. This was her first appearance as a dramatic vocalist. The most striking feature of her performance is energy; she throws her very soul into the scene, and she sustains her physical and mental powers unweariedly to the end. There was as much vigour in the last note as in the first. On the other hand she has contracted from the Italian stage a fault she would do well to amend. Her acting savours of exaggeration; it is too passionate; it does not suit the sober tastes of the English, however it may kindle the enthusiasm of the excitable Italians. Miss BASSANO is not pretty, but she is intelligent, and her countenance has a pleasing expression. Her voice is a rich *mezzo soprano*. Her execution is marked by evident study: her articulation is very clear, and her shake is exquisitely beautiful. The famous appeal "Judges! for Anna," which they who have heard GRISI make never can forget, was given by Miss BASSANO with a feeling and power that raised the enthusiasm of her audience to a high pitch. The *finale*, too, was admirably sung. Miss SARA FLOWER, as *Smeaton*, was unusually fine, and she ventured upon all the music, which on account of its difficulty, and the inability to find a fit person to master it, they were compelled to omit from the opera on its representation last year at Her Majesty's Theatre. Miss FLOWER, however, got through it with surprising correctness. Miss SMITHSON, as *Lady Jane Seymour*, was vile. LEFFLER looked *Henry VIII.*, but hoarseness prevented him from singing it. ALLEN, as *Percy*, was sweet and polished as usual, and his *Vivi tu* was especially applauded.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—*Gaston Dubarry*, a drama in two acts, was produced here on Monday. It is a translation from the French. We borrow, from the *Daily News*, this brief outline of the plot:—"It turns upon a wager which the *Duc de Chartres* makes, that he will obtain an assignation with the first woman he meets, will see and conquer within twenty-four hours. The first lady encountered is *Cassilda Berthault*, the betrothed of the *Chevalier Dubarry*. The Duke seeks to gain the assistance of a former mistress of his, *Madame de Guai*, who resenting, not his infidelity, but his impertinence, foils him, by posting *Cassilda* off to Paris, and occupying her apartment meanwhile, having previously, in her name, made the assignation desired by the Duke. For a brief space the deluded Duke is all radiant at his supposed triumph, the lover, all forlorn at his mistress's supposed dishonour, and the young lady herself mystified and indignant at his reproaches. A sort of Japanese duel is fought between the Duke and the Chevalier, who, prohibited from single combat by court authority, throw the dice to decide which shall shoot himself. The Chevalier losing, is just about to pay this debt of honour, when matters are cleared up; the lover is repentant, the lady forgiving, and the Duke congratulatory." The parts were sustained with spirit by the company, and it was pronounced successful.

MR. HENRY BETTY.—This clever tragedian has just fulfilled a highly successful engagement at Liverpool. He has appeared there in *Hamlet*, *Richard the Third*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo*, *Othello*, &c. Upon Thursday last he played *Richard the Third* at Canterbury. Mrs. DAVIDGE, of the Surrey Theatre, has entered into an engagement with him, and he is to open at that theatre upon Monday, February 22.

THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA.—A paragraph having appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of Monday last, announcing the probable engagement of Mrs. Butler (Miss Fanny Kemble) at Drury-lane Theatre, we have been authorised to publish the following correspondence between that distinguished artist and Mr. Bunn:—

"London, 9th Jan. 1847.
"MADAM,—In entertaining the question you were polite enough to submit to me—that of your return to the stage—I was actuated by a sincere desire to resuscitate, as far as the limited talent of the country would admit, the precarious position of the drama—an effort only to be made, with a chance of success, through the moderate expectations of its professors. The establishment of Drury-lane, being exclusively devoted to

opera and ballet, would require considerable reinforcement to admit of your performances being sustained in a manner due to the public, to yourself, and to the character of the theatre. My present expenses are nearly 200*l.* per night, and I could not calculate on a less nightly addition than 50*l.* in the engagement of extraneous talent, and in preparation. If, then, to this 250*l.* per night be added the 100*l.* demanded by you, there would be a certain liability of 350*l.* on each of your performances. I question if an average receipt could be realised to that amount, to say nothing of the detriment caused to three nights in the week by a predominant attraction on the others. If it would suit you to lend your powerful co-operation to the re-establishment of the drama on the highest terms awarded to your illustrious relative Mrs. Siddons—viz. 50*l.* per night, I would devote all my means to the furtherance of so laudable an undertaking, and immediately negotiate with those artistes essential to the upholding of it.

"I have the honour to be, Madam, your obedient servant.

"Mrs. Butler." "A. BUNN."

"P.S.—If, however, your performances were confined to readings, and to dramatic scenes, I think the nightly sum you ask might be realised."

REPLY.

"Bannisters, Southampton, Sunday, Jan. 10, 1847.

"SIR,—You desired that I would state my lowest terms for acting at Drury-lane, and I did so. I regret that they do not suit you.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

"To Alfred Bunn, Esq."

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—M. FREDERICK LEMAITRE, and Mlle. CLARISSE, appeared on Monday, for the first time this season, in *Don Cesar de Balzan*. To the frequenters of this theatre, LEMAITRE's inimitable representation of *Don Cesar* must be sufficiently familiar; and he must be seen to be appreciated by those who have not yet enjoyed that great treat. This play would be much improved by curtailment. The audience were tired before the curtain fell, and many had left the house.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—DOCTOR BACKHOFFNER has been engaged during the past week in lecturing at the above-named institution, on the advantages and uses of the electric telegraph. The learned Professor introduced much new and interesting matter upon the application of electricity to the telegraph. In addition to an explanation of the principles of magnetism, and a historical notice of the application of the invention to railway and public purposes, Dr. BACKHOFFNER, upon this occasion, entered into a lengthened illustration of the mode of communication by the magnetic wire upon the new principle, secured by patent to Messrs. Nott and Gamble. The simplicity of the index, and the direct communication established by the electric current, both with regard to the pointing of the needle, and the ringing of the notice-bell, to the most distant station on any line of telegraph, appear mighty strides towards the necessary simplification of this most important, but at present not sufficiently appreciated, agent. Most admirable practical exemplifications of the applicability of the invention were given during the lecture, by carrying different messages from one side of the stage to the other, from two beautiful working models on the principle of Messrs. Nott and Gamble. The lecture was exceedingly well attended.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

On Christmas Day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the inhabitants of Mindelthal were alarmed by a long peal of thunder. During the explosion, a meteoric stone was seen falling, which imbedded itself in the frozen earth, at the depth of two feet. When dug out it was found of an irregular pyramidal shape, and weighed about fourteen pounds.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

HOT AND COLD BLAST IRON.—Mr. R. Stephenson, the engineer, has been making a series of experiments upon the relative strengths of hot and cold blast iron, the result of which will be a complete revolution in the iron trade. Hitherto, cold blast iron has brought a higher price, and has been considered in every respect superior to hot blast. Previous, however, to the construction of the high level bridge at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, intended to connect the York and Newcastle with the Newcastle and Berwick Railway, Mr. Stephenson caused more than one hundred experiments to be made with the various sorts of pig iron; the result of which has been to prove that hot blast

is superior to cold, in the proportion of 9 to 7; and, moreover, that pig iron No. 3 is better iron than No. 1, which, up to this time, has sold much higher in the market.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

PAINLESS OPERATION.

A FRIEND of our own, a member of Lincoln's Inn, having undergone the operation of an extraction of six teeth while under the narcotic influence of the vapour of sulphuric ether, we have obtained from him the following very interesting, because very minute, particulars of the operation and its effects, and we hasten to submit them to the readers of THE CRITIC.

The vapour was administered by Mr. ROBINSON, the dentist, who performed the operation. Our friend was attended by his own medical man, who kept a finger upon his pulse the whole time. He became insensible in about two minutes. He describes the sensation as agreeable. With the first inspiration there was an excitement and glow of the spirits, as with partial intoxication; this increased with each breathing, until suddenly consciousness departed. He was sensible for a short time after the operator had pronounced him insensible, but was unable to speak or make a sign. He remembered nothing until after with great difficulty two of the teeth had been extracted. While the dentist was pulling out the third, consciousness returned, but not vividly, only like the sense of pain that is felt in sleep modifying the dream. He dreamed that he was hung by his tooth to a beam, and struggled to get away, but could not. Then he awoke as the third tooth dropped into his hand.

The vapour was again applied, and almost in an instant he fell into a state of utter unconsciousness, and remembers nothing, nor any dream, nor any sense of pain, till he awoke and found himself in his chair with the other three teeth removed from his jaw, and he felt nothing more then, nor has he since, than the tenderness of the gums and jaw that always follows the extraction of teeth.

The entire operation lasted about six minutes, and great difficulty was experienced in the extraction of some of the teeth.

The surgeon states that the pulse was considerably quickened during the inhalation of the gas, but fell very low during the period of insensibility.

Our friend assures us that he has not felt the slightest inconvenience from taking the gas. It produced no headache nor depression of spirits; it has not affected his stomach, nor, in fact, should he have been aware from any sensations, bodily or mental, that he had been subjected to any kind of experiment. On the following morning, he was as busy as ever at his books, and looking as well as ever we saw him, and in high spirits.

He assures us that the result of this trial has been that he should certainly avail himself of the same process for any operation involving pain, even for the extraction of a single tooth.

It may be noted here, that though there is insensibility, muscular motion does not cease; throughout the operation, the muscles and limbs moved and quivered, appearing to the spectator as if under the influence of pain, but the motion was purely mechanical: the patient had no sensation whatever.

On Tuesday next, he is going to have five more teeth extracted in the same manner.

A particular account of his sensations at the time, and its effect upon him afterwards, thus given by an intelligent person, competent to note and describe them, will, we hope, be an acceptable contribution to the general reader, who desires to know what the person operated upon feels; the operator can obtain abundant information of the facts interesting to him in the medical journals.

PAINLESS SURGICAL OPERATIONS.—Guy's Hospital on Tuesday was crowded to excess by members of the medical profession from all parts of the metropolis, and from the country, to witness the results of two surgical operations under the new process of inhalation of ether. The first case was that of a boy, 12 or 14 years of years, for lithotomy (or stone). When brought into the theatre and bound as usual, Mr. Robinson, of Gower-street, the inventor of the apparatus, offered the pipe for inhalation to the patient. At first he refused to be operated on,

on account of the many persons present. By some tact the pipe was introduced, the nose closed, and in two minutes Mr. Robinson said the patient was ready. The operation then commenced, and in one minute more the stone was removed by Mr. Morgan, the operator. The boy removed to his bed; and on being visited by the surgeons, and on being shewn the stone, "Ah," said he, "you never took that from me, I know, as I never felt it." The next case was still more extraordinary. The patient was a man about 30 years of age, suffering from congenital hernia, the operation for which is, perhaps, the most severe and prolonged in surgery. When brought into the operating theatre, he readily took the "vapour." From four to five minutes the word was given to Mr. Key, the operator in this instance, by Mr. Robinson to commence the operation. From the commencement to the completion of the operation, the patient was under the knife from 15 to 20 minutes. On his recovering he was asked by those around him if he had felt pain, and replied "Not in the least; he had been looking at those gentlemen outside, up there." He alluded to numbers who could not gain admittance, and had availed themselves of the skylight of the theatre. Messrs. Morgan and Key pronounced the result to be most perfect and astounding.

SURGICAL OPERATION WITHOUT PAIN.—An experiment was made at the Royal Infirmary here, a few days ago, by Dr. Duncan. The patient was a young man, weak and emaciated from severe and prolonged suffering, consequent on a railway accident, and whose limb it was deemed necessary to amputate at the middle of the thigh. After inhaling the vapour of ether for about two minutes, he became quite insensible to pain, and the operation was proceeded with, the anodyne influence being maintained during its progress by the continued administration of the ether. The proceedings did not occupy above ten minutes, and were most successful, as, throughout the whole time, the insensibility to pain was complete. What formed a very remarkable trait in the operation was the consciousness on the part of the patient of all that was going on. His eyes continued open, and he readily answered the questions put to him, describing, with great calmness, that he felt no pain of any kind. The pulse of the patient remained unaltered, and in every other respect the appearances at the operation were precisely similar to others of the same kind.—*Edinburgh Advertiser*.

NECROLOGY.

Mr. W. H. KEARNS.

THIS distinguished viola performer and orchestral composer expired on Monday, at his residence in Princes-place, Kennington. He was a member, and one of the principals of the Philharmonic Society, first viola of the Ancient Concerts, of long standing in the band of her Majesty's Theatre, and one of those engaged by Mr. Costa for the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden. His illness arose from catching a cold at the Birmingham Musical Festival, which prevented his attendance at the Hereford Festival, and ultimately led to a prostration of the animal economy which it was beyond medical aid to remove. Mr. Kearns came from Dublin in 1817 to London, under the patronage of his uncle, Mr. Mountain, the husband of the singer of that name. Mr. Kearns was an accomplished executant on the violin. He took the first position at Covent-garden Theatre, but a nervous and excitable temperament unfitted him for a post to which his abilities and acquirements eminently qualified him. His love of learning soon led him to add to his skill in performance a thorough knowledge of every branch of orchestral music, and by careful study of Catel and Reicha, he became a profound theorist and adept in the mysteries of orchestral combination. For very many years he was the presiding genius of the English Opera, and Mr. Arnold and Mr. Hawes owed much of their success and popularity to his ready appreciation of what was best fitted to the public taste. There are many operas and operettas with names attached to them of "composers," who had no claim to the title, Mr. Kearns having worked, unknown and unseen, in their manufacture. It was Mr. Kearns on whom devolved the arduous duty of making a most imperfect score of the *Freyschutz* fit and proper for performance, and so well and ably was this done, that when Weber afterwards came to London, and first heard the English score, he was exceedingly struck with its merits, and, to shew a sense of Mr. Kearns' labours, presented him with an early sketch of the overture. Mr. Kearns also arranged and superintended the production of *Azor and Zemira*, of Louis Spohr, and the operas of Marschner, Maurer, Ries, and other continental writers. When the opera of *Robert le Diable*, by Meyerbeer, was advertised for the Italian Opera, Drury-lane also announced it with a score by Sir H. R. Bishop, and Covent-garden with a score by Mr. Kearns. Sir H. R. Bishop went to Paris to hear

the author's score, which was copyright and not then printed, and the same offer was made to Kearns, but declined. The new score of Covent-garden proved most masterly and novel, as was that of the composer, and also that by Sir H. R. Bishop; the one by Mr. Kearns was justly ranked a model of elegance and erudition. For the great performance in Westminster Abbey he wrote an additional score for the brass band to the oratorios of the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, in which he employed six hours with singular advantage and effect. The Coronation anthem, of contemporary writers, the anthems used at the festivals of the Sons of the Clergy, the cathedral anthems used at the Ancient Concerts, the great choruses used at the Birmingham festivals, all derived additional force and contrast from the labours of his pen; and the last act of his life was the composition of an additional score to the *Acis and Galatea*, which in the original has no viola part, which has been added by him without any disturbance of the violins, a work of very great thought and experience, and of extreme difficulty. His arrangements for military brass bands were unrivalled for their piquancy and brilliant contrast. Early in life he published a cantata of much promise, but his incessant occupations, and a nervous irritability of temper, led him to direct his strength more to orchestral arrangement than to original writing, except what others obtained the credit for. He was an able, honest, and excellent master, and has left many good pupils as evidences of the value of his tutorial exercises. For some years past he had accepted an organist's appointment, and directed his attention more to church music. During the last year he edited, in conjunction with Dr. Gauntlett, "The Comprehensive Tune Book," which is a complete cyclopaedia of sacred music, containing a voluminous collection of psalm and hymn tunes, anthems, chants, &c. It was a labour of long time and of great research, and to no work did he devote himself with more of zeal, care, and attention, and it will remain an enduring monument of his industry and command over every branch of sacred music. Mr. Kearns had entered his 53d year, and has left a widow and a family of nine children, most of them of a very tender age.—*Chronicle*.

REV. GEORGE WOODLEY.

Dec. 24, at the Parsonage House, Martindale, Westmorland, the Rev. George Woodley, incumbent of Martindale, aged 60 years. The deceased was formerly, for a period of twenty-three years, a missionary in connection with the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and he discharged the duties which devolved upon him in that capacity with so much Christian zeal and assiduity that, upon his retirement from the mission the committee of that venerable society presented to him a considerable donation of money, and a pension for life. Wherever he laboured he was respected and beloved, and his death is deeply regretted by a large circle of friends. In early life Mr. Woodley distinguished himself as a poet by various publications, amongst which may be named his "Redemption," "The Churchyard," and "Portugal Delivered," and as a theologian by several essays, for many of which he received valuable prizes. His illness was but of few hours' duration, and he died in the full assurance of a resurrection to everlasting happiness.

THE REV. F. V. J. ARUNDALL, OF LANDULPH.

The late Rev. Francis Vyvyan Jago Arundell, who died suddenly at Landulph, after having been for upwards of forty-two years rector of that parish, was the only son of Mr. Jago, a solicitor of extensive practice at Launceston, and was born in that town in the month of July, 1780. His mother's maiden name was Catherine Bolt; she was the daughter of an eminent surgeon of the same place. The family of Jago originally resided at Wendron, by Helstone, and more than one of them are numbered among its ancient incumbents. The deceased being the immediate representative of the noble branch of the Courtenays, of Boconnoc, as descended through the sole heiress of Arundell, of Talverne, from the elder sister of Edward Courtenay, the ninth Earl of Devon, obtained in 1815 a grant to assume the name and arms of Arundell. He graduated at Exeter College, Oxford, was for some short period curate of East Anthony, Cornwall, and in 1804 obtained the Duchy living, of which he died possessed. In 1816 he married Miss Maria Morier, sister of the author of "Hadjji Baba;" and in 1819 was appointed chaplain to the British factory at Smyrna, where he resided until 1833, when he returned to England, and finally located himself at his rectory. During his stay abroad he visited Jerusalem and many places in the Holy Land. In the literary world he was principally known by his work, the "Visit to the Seven Churches;" but the pages of the "Magna Britannia" prove, *passim*, that the Messrs. Lysons appreciated by frequent acknowledgments the valuable assistance they received from him in regard to the history of his native county. Given from early youth to the study of antiquity, he has left behind him a most curious

and valuable collection of coins, missals, illuminated manuscripts, books, and other miscellanea of interest, many of which are of passing rarity. He was followed to the grave by a numerous train of friends, who deeply lamented and respected him; and amid the tears of his sorrowing parishioners the body of their beloved rector was committed to its kindred earth.—*Plymouth Times*.

MISS INVERARITY, THE VOCALIST.

This lady, who, it will be recollected, performed some years since at Covent-garden Theatre, died on the 27th of December, of consumption, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Miss Inverarity, who was a native of Edinburgh, was born in March 1813. Her uncle was the Scotch poet Ferguson. At an early age she displayed much taste for music, and her father determined upon having her instructed in singing. Her improvement was so rapid that in two years she had made great proficiency in the art, and after singing at some few concerts in Edinburgh with great *éclat*, she was introduced by her father, in 1829, to Sir George Smart, who became her vocal instructor. After a course of study she appeared at Covent-garden, in December 1830, as *Cinderella*, with great success, and in April 1831, the production of Spohr's opera, "*Azor and Zenira*," afforded her an opportunity of improving in public favour. Shortly after the season of 1836, Mr. Martyn, the bass singer, became her husband, and at the expiration of her London engagement, they made a tour of the principal cities of America with profit and reputation. The fine person of Mrs. Martyn made her very attractive in the United States. They then returned to England, after a stay of two years, and finally established themselves as teachers of music in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where her decease took place.

MR. HAWKINS, THE VOCALIST.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of this much respected musician, which took place at his residence on Saturday morning. Mr. Hawkins had for many years past occupied a distinguished position in the musical profession. He was looked up to by his contemporaries as an artist thoroughly proficient in the science of music. He was member of the choirs of Westminster Abbey and the Chapel Royal, and has for many years been considered the first alto singer in the metropolis. His death, which was quite unexpected, was caused by internal inflammation. He had but a short time previously been in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

- 586. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN LAWRENCE, formerly of Stone, Worcestershire, and at the time of his death resident in Norfolk, Virginia, North America, merchant (died 26th Dec. 1814).
- 587. NEXT OF KIN OF JOSEPH SCOTT, late of Claypath, Durham, veterinary surgeon (died 27th Feb. 1833).
- 588. DAUGHTERS OF LAWRENCE AND MARY GARLIC, deceased, formerly Mary Kirkbride, spinster. *Something to advantage.*
- 589. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM KEEL, late a Sergeant in Major Sabine's company of the 6th battalion Royal Artillery (died at Jamaica on or about the 19th July, 1837). *Something to advantage.*
- 590. NEXT OF KIN OF FRANCES COOK, formerly of Fox's-lane, Shadwell, and late of Queen-street, Ratcliffe, widow, and schoolmistress, deceased. She was relict of William Cook, formerly of Shields, Durham, master mariner. *Something to advantage.*
- 591. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN GORTON, formerly of High-street, Lambeth, grocer, and late of Thomas-street, Lambeth, Surrey, gent. (died on the 19th March, 1837).
- 592. ELIZA HOLLIDAY (who was baptized in the parish church of St. Anne, Westminster, on 3rd May, 1815, in the name of ELIZA HALFOED, and married to EDWARD HOLLIDAY, at St. George, Hanover-square, on Whit Monday 1834). *Something to advantage.*
- 593. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN STEPHENS, mathematical instrument maker, of the City of London (died 1802); and of BENJAMIN MUNN STEPHENS, his son, who died Sept. 2, 1830, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Selskar, Wexford, Ireland. *Something to advantage.*
- 594. NEXT OF KIN OF CHARLOTTE ATKINS, formerly of Ketteringham, Norfolk, but late of Paris, widow. *Something to advantage.*
- 595. HENRY HOBSON, who resided in Belfast from August, 1829, to September, 1835, when he removed to Glasgow. *Something to advantage.*
- 596. JOHN DEATH, whose mother, Maria Death, about thirty years ago was living in the service of Mr. David Russen, then of West Ham,

Essex, and afterwards of Crown-court, Aldersgate-street, solicitor. *Something to advantage.*

- 597. WILLIAM MOSES CHANEY, whitesmith, who in 1831 resided at 7, Plough-court, Fetter-lane, Holborn. *Something to advantage.*
- 598. NEXT OF KIN OF ANN WILLIAMS, late of the island of Jersey, spinster, deceased, who was servant to James Blennerhusselt, late of the said island, Esq. deceased, and afterwards to Isabella Maria, his daughter. *Something to advantage.*
- 599. Mr. RICHARD LANGAN, formerly of Dublin, silk dyer, Mrs. MARY ANN LOWE, otherwise LANGAN, relatives of Mr. John Langan, formerly of Strand-street, Dublin, and then of Malaga, in Spain, merchant. *Something to advantage.*
- 600. HEIR-AT-LAW OF Mrs. MARY CAMPBELL, late of Judd-street, Brunswick-square, and before of Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, widow of the late Lawrence Robert Campbell, Esq. formerly of Dalston, Middlesex, deceased. *Something to advantage.*

(To be continued weekly.)

NOTICE.

THE CRITIC forwarded by post on the day of publication, for half-a-year, on transmission to the office of 6s. 6d. which may be sent in penny postage stamps, or by post-office order made payable to Mr. JOHN CROCKFORD, Publisher of THE CRITIC.

Vols. 1 to 4 of THE CRITIC, or either of them, may be had, handsomely half-bound, at 10s. each. Vol. 4 contains the commencement of the List of Heirs-at-Law and Next of Kin.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The scale for advertising in THE CRITIC is

For 50 words or less 5s.

For every additional 10 words .. 6d.

For which a post-office order should be inclosed.

N.B. For insertion in the first page the charge is one-fourth more, if expressly ordered for that page.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

WE are pleased to be enabled to assure the friends who have made such anxious inquiries, that the success of the bold experiment made by THE CRITIC has so far fully answered expectation. Already there has been a very large increase of circulation, and it is daily growing. Let those who desire further satisfaction ask their newsmen. But we must still entreat the personal assistance of our subscribers, both old and new, to make it known to their friends and acquaintances. A word of recommendation from them is more effective than any advertisement. And we also request the booksellers who are subscribers to circulate our new prospectus among their customers, for which purpose any required quantity will be forwarded, if they will inform us how they may be sent.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE GRENVILLE BEQUEST.—Among the rarest of the literary treasures in the 20,000 volumes bequeathed with such grateful liberality by the late Mr. Grenville to the nation are the following:—A copy of the first folio edition of Shakspeare; Caxton's Reynard the Fox, printed in 1470; Gawain Douglas's Palis of Honoure, a very rare book; a splendid edition of the rare work of Juliana Berners on hunting, and a very magnificent collection of some of the earliest and rarest editions of the classics, historians, and poets. Some of the works included in the library are the only known copies extant. The greater portion of the books are clothed in sumptuous bindings of Russia and Morocco. This unrivalled private collection will very soon be placed within the reach of the student.

The first volume of a work has just issued from the press at Leipzig, which deserves notice, as well on account of its aim as of the manner in which the task the author assigned himself has been executed. It is a favourable specimen of German learning, research, and persevering industry. The book is entitled "Attempt at a Polyglot of European Poesy." The author, Adolf Ellisen, wishes to shew how in all times the intellectual development of the nations was reflected in their poetry; in his selection, therefore, are to be found the more serious pieces rather, and those on the production of which public affairs seem to have had an influence. The result of the poetical work of the century is given by specimens of the best and most characteristic

poets; a German translation being placed by the side of the original text. Ethnographical, philological, and historical remarks accompany the notices of the particular epochs; so that all has been done to make the plan as complete as possible. The Basque and Celtic poetry begins the series. Afterwards comes the poetry of the Greeks, presenting naturally most ample stores to choose from. On their lyrical and dramatic poetry particular attention is bestowed: and the translations which accompany the various pieces here given, deserve the highest praise. We have, too, poems of quite modern date, produced since Greece has again become a nation. The second volume is to contain the poetry of the Roman people; and the third that of the Germanic, Slavonic, and other nations.—*Literary Gazette*.

STATISTICS OF THE PAPER-TRADE.—In 1836, when the tax was reduced to its present amount of 1½d. per pound on all papers, the quantity charged for duty was 82,108,947 pounds; in 1840 it was 97,237,358 pounds; in 1844, 109,495,148 pounds; which numbers, taking into account the increase of population, can scarcely be said to indicate any increased rate of consumption, notwithstanding the vast addition made in those years to the national wealth. In 1845, under the stimulus given by the Penny Postage Act, and by the speculations in publishing cheap literature, the quantity entered for consumption rose to 124,247,070 pounds, and it must necessarily be still increasing. But this state of progress might, we have no doubt, be doubled, were the manufacture not "regulated," as it is pleasantly called, by our Excise-laws. The state of the export trade is curious and instructive. None of our paper, it will be believed, reaches Timbuctoo; little of it, in fact, reaches our own colonies. The French paper-makers, we are informed, copy the labels of the English—even profanely forge the sacred hieroglyphics of our excise!—and supply both the Indies with paper. They have no bonds, no debentures, no drawbacks; nor are their cream-coloured reams opened out for examination when exported, and tumbled about till they are fit only to sell as "broke." They have no excisemen. We have been unable to obtain the official returns of the exports of "Paper," but we subjoin those for "Books" and "Stationery" during the following years—

	Cwt.	Value.	STATIONERY.
1836.....	8,257	£178,945.....	£301,000
1840.....	7,385	147,300.....	282,400
1844.....	9,462	174,350.....	263,827

So that our exports under both heads have been gradually diminishing! And the quantity of paper exported is now, we have reason to believe, little more than a twentieth part of the whole production. The fact is, that some parties export paper who will not go through the dilatory and vexatious forms necessary for obtaining the drawback; while others obtain the drawback with the design of fraudulently reintroducing the paper into England. Such a tax, so levied, we cannot suppose will be long continued. We shall not always have four millions of Irish paupers to feed. And this book-reading, letter-writing people—this generation of authors, publishers, and subscribers—will not always submit to such barbarous restrictions on the chief vehicle of their intellectual pleasures.

LITERATURE IN A CONVICT-SHIP.—The *Thomas Arbuthnot*, convict-ship, Captain Thomson, sailed from Spithead on Sunday, for Port Philip, with a superior class of delinquents, officially called "exiles." These are the first "exiles" sent to the above settlement, which the inhabitants of that respectable place are very wroth at, and have memorialised the government on the subject. The most ingenious trades and professions are carried on on board this ship; in fact, we believe all trades in vogue have their representatives on board. The most ingenious affair, however, is a newspaper in manuscript, published every Saturday, having its foreign and domestic correspondence, advertisements, and, indeed, all the necessary accessories to an apparently well-conducted journal. The articles are well written, and the arrangements well made. The name of this paper is the *Citadel*, and the conductors dub the captain of the ship "the governor." The *Citadel* having no opponents enjoys a large circulation. The editor is a man who has been of considerable note in the legitimate literary world; but all names and circumstances in connection with their present position is strictly preserved secret with regard to these "exiles," the great majority of whom are juvenile offenders from Millbank, Pentonville, and Parkhurst (Isle of Wight) prisons.

Artists, as well theoretical, practical, and professional, are rushing into the wordy warfare now raging about the picture cleaning, adopted at the National Gallery. While some characterise the efforts lately made to restore some of the finest paintings to their pristine freshness, as a damonatory scrubbing-brush process, others allege that it is a very judicious one, and of incalculable improvement to the subjects of it. We are not prepared to give an individual judgment, but if we strike an average of the testimony constantly appearing in the morning papers, we should say that there is much more complaint than need re-

quires. Those in authority always have antagonists—independent minds, who would fawn and cringe, if advantage were to be gained by it! Therefore, we think the public need not be alarmed at the conflict of words now progressing. The pictures are in pretty safe keeping, and the combatants' weapons are not of a dangerous kind.

Eothen has just appeared in Germany in a not particularly good translation. We allude to the circumstance, not so much to announce that it is highly spoken of by the reviewer, but to mention an anecdote, which we find in the criticism in question, and which, if it has not yet fallen in the way of the author of *Eothen*, may not be displeasing to him to hear. The reviewer mentions that some years ago, on his return from Constantinople, he met in the quarantine building a young Englishman of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, who had also just returned from a journey in the East. They were, it seems, the only two persons who had to undergo this temporary imprisonment. "The young Englishman was silent, reserved, even bashful; and was more anxious to hear than to be heard." Soon, however, this reserve wore off; and the reasons the young Englishman gave for his silence as to his travels, as well as the views and opinions expressed in subsequent conversations, "filled the writer with admiration at this rare union of youth and discretion." The quarantine over, the two acquaintances parted, after an interchange of cards. "When three years were passed since this meeting, and *Eothen* came into the writer's hands, he fancied immediately from the contents, as well as the character of the book, that he recognised therein his friend of the quarantine." Three passages in particular enabled the critic to be sure he was right in his suppositions. He afterwards made inquiries about the author; and, on comparing the name with that on the card he had received from his fellow-traveller, he found them to be the same.—*Literary Gazette*.

ALMSHOUSES FOR PRINTERS.—We are gratified to learn that the executors of the late — Praed, esq. have devoted the sum of 50l. from a large sum left by this benevolent individual for charitable purposes, to the objects contemplated by the originators of this institution. We are also informed that the committee entertain the most sanguine expectation of being in a position to lay the foundation-stone of the asylum in a few months; and we can but wish them success in so praiseworthy a design as securing a home for the declining days of their aged fellow-workmen.

The great Gothic Hall at Hampton-Court Palace, better known, perhaps, as Wolsey's-hall, was re-opened to the public on Saturday last, and is now probably the finest and most brilliantly embellished building in Europe. The large windows, thirteen in number, on the north and south sides of the hall, have been filled with new stained glass, in a style harmonizing with the noble windows at the east and west extremities, and by the same artist, Mr. Willement. The compartments of the east and west windows are occupied by the arms of Henry VIII. and those of his house. The subjects of the thirteen new windows now added by Mr. Willement are the armorial pedigrees of the six wives of Henry VIII.

The managers of the Army and Navy Club have determined on erecting a new building for the use of their members. It is to be one worthy of the metropolis, and that shall reflect credit on the combination. Two prizes, one of 200l. and one of 100l. will be offered for the first and second best plans of such a building. The site is to be adjoining the structure at present in use, where a piece of ground has been purchased.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abbott's (Dr. Geo.) Exposition upon the Prophet Jenah, new edition, 2 vols. in one, post 8vo. 7s. cl.
 Baptist Reporter and Missionary Intelligencer for 1846, 8vo. 5s. half-bound.—Baynes's (Mrs. G. J.) Knitted Lace Collar Receipt Book, 3rd series, sq. 6d. swd.—Bisse's (Dr. T.) Beauty of Holiness in the Common Prayer, new edit. by Pococke, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Brown's (Capt. T.) Illustrations of the Genera of Birds, part 1, roy. 4to. 36s. cl.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, new edit. by Conder, 8vo. 14s. cl.
 Deursley's (H. R.) Drainage Act, with a Summary, Index, &c. 12mo. 3s. bds.—Demosthenes' Olynthiac Orations, by Hiclie, post 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.
 Evergreen (The), a Selection of Poetry, new edit. with original designs, royal 18mo. 4s. 6d. cl.
 Flohr's (Madl. A.) German Christmas Eve, a Picture of German Home Life and Knitting Book, edited by Mrs. A. Montgomery, 8vo. 10s. cl.
 Goodwin's (Rev. H.) Elementary Course of Mathematics, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Gibbons (B.) on the Ventilation of Mines, 8vo. 4s. cl.
 Head's (Sir F.) The Emigrant, 5th edit. cr. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Herodotus, Book IX. Greek, from the Text of Bachr, with English Notes, cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Herbert's (Jane E.) Bride of Ismael, a Poem, f. cap. 5s. cl.
 Jahr's Manual of Homeopathic Medicine, Edited by Dr. Curie, 2nd edit. 2 vols. royal 12mo. 32s. cl.—Jackson's (Mrs.) Illustrated Crochet Book, 18mo. 6d. swd.—Jones's (J.) What is Life Assurance, Explained. 12mo. 1s. cl.—Jones's (T. W.) Manual of the Principles and Practice of Ophthalmic Medicine, f. cap. 12s. 6d. cl.

Laxton's (W.) Builder's Price Book for 1847, 12mo. 4s. cl.—London Medical Directory for 1847, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Liebig's (J.) Chemistry and Physics in Relation to Physiology and Pathology, 2nd edit. 8vo. 3s. cl.

Motherwell's (Wm.) Poetical Works, with Memoir by James McConechy, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Murray's Colonial Library, Vol. XX. "Ford's Gatherings from Spain," f. cap. 5s. cl.—Murray's (Sarah M.) Statesmen of America in 1846, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Martin's (W. C.) Natural History of Man and Monkeys, royal 8vo. 16s. bds.

Owen's (Richard) Lectures on Comparative Anatomy and Physiology, Vol. II. Vertebrate Animals, part I, Fishes, 8vo. 14s. cl.

Sixty Years Hence, a Novel, by the Author of Revelations of Russia; 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Stars (The), and the Earth; or Thoughts upon Time, Space, and Eternity, 2nd edit. 18mo. 1s. cl.—Smith's (Rev. E.) Believer's Daily Remembrancer, "Evening," 32mo. 2s. cl.—Stow's (D.) Bible Training, new edit. 12mo. 2s. cl.

Tachude's (Dr.) Travels in Peru, translated from the German, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Tourrier's (J.) Self-teaching French Grammar, cr. 8vo. 5s. bds.—Tupper's (M. F.) Probabilities an aid to Faith, fcap. 4s. cl.—Tytle's (M. Fraser) Wooden Walls of Old England, or Lives of Celebrated Admirals, 12mo. 5s. cl.

Winslow's (Rev. B. D.) Sermons and Poetical Remains, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Webster's (Thos.) Principles of Hydrostatics, 3rd edit. post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.

Youth's Poetical Instructor, sq. 9d. cl. gilt.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We cannot insert, or notice in any way, any communication that is sent to us anonymously; but those who choose to address us in confidence will find their confidence respected. NEITHER CAN WE UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY MANUSCRIPT WHATEVER.

FORTUNES MADE BY ADVERTISING.—From a small pamphlet, entitled "The Art of making Money," an extract has been taken, and is going the round of the provincial press, pointing out the facility of making immense sums by the simple process of continuous advertising. Doubtless large sums have been, are, and will be made by such a system by certain persons of ability, who no doubt would make their way in the world if called upon to play different parts on the great stage of life; but to suppose that men in general must, as a matter of course, acquire wealth by such means is as absurd as to imagine that all the penniless and shoeless of London are capable of rising to the dignity and wealth of an alderman or the lord mayor of London, simply by reading the "Young Man's Best Companion." Money is not so easily made as the writer of the article referred to would lead people to suppose; if it be so, few need be poor. But to our text: fortunes made by advertising. Undoubtedly the greatest man of the day as an advertiser is Holloway, who expends the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds annually in advertisements alone; his name is not only to be seen in nearly every paper and periodical published in the British Isles, but as if this country was too small for this individual's exploits, he stretches over the whole of India, having agents in all the different parts of the upper, central, and lower, provinces of that immense country, publishing his medicaments in the Hindoo, Oordoo, Googratee, Persian, and other native languages, so that the Indian public can take the Pills and use his Ointment, according to general directions, as a Cockney would do within the sound of Bow bells. We find him again at Hong Kong and Canton, making his medicines known to the Celestials by means of Chinese translation. We trace him from thence to the Philippine Islands, where he is circulating his preparations in the native languages. At Singapore he has a large depot; his agents there supply all the islands in the Indian Seas. His advertisements are published in most of the papers at Sydney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, Port Phillip, and indeed in almost every town of that vast portion of the British empire. Returning homewards, we find his Pills and Ointment selling at Valparaiso, Lima, Callao, and other ports in the Pacific. Doubling the Horn, we track him in the Atlantic—at Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco: he is advertising in those parts in Spanish and Portuguese. In all the British West India Islands, as also in the Upper and Lower Canada, and the neighbouring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, his medicines are as familiarly known, and sold by every druggist, as they are at home. In the Mediterranean we find them selling at Malta, Corfu, Athens, and Alexandria, besides at Tunis and other portions of the Barbary states. Any one taking the trouble to look at the "Journal" and "Courier" of Constantinople, may find in these, as well as other papers, that Holloway's medicines are regularly advertised and selling throughout the Turkish empire; and even in Russia, where an almost insurmountable barrier exists, the laws there prohibiting the entrée of patent medicines, Holloway's ingenuity has been at work, and obviates this difficulty by forwardng supplies to his Agent at Odessa, a port situated on the Black Sea, where they filter themselves surreptitiously by various channels, into the very heart of the empire. Africa has not been forgotten by this indefatigable man, who has an Agent on the River Gambia; also at Sierra Leone, the plague spot of the world, the inhabitants readily avail themselves of the Ointment and Pills; thus we can show our readers that Holloway has made the complete circuit of the globe, commencing with India and ending, as we now do, with the Cape of Good Hope, where his medicines are published in the Dutch and English languages; and while speaking of Dutch, we have heard that he has made large shipments to Holland, and is about advertising in every paper or periodical published in that kingdom; we might add that he has also started his medicine in some parts of France: in some portions of Germany; as also in some of the Italian states. We have been at some little trouble to collect all these facts, because we fear that the article before alluded to. "The Art of Making Money," is calculated to lead people to spend their means in the hope (as the author states) of making a hundred thousand pounds in six years for his pains, by holding up as an easy example to follow such a man as Holloway, who is really a Napoleon in his way. Many may have the means, but have they the knowledge, ability, energy, judgment, and prudence necessary? Failing in any one of these requisites, a total loss is certain. Holloway is a man calculated to undertake any enterprise

requiring immense energies of body and mind. No doubt he has been well repaid for all his labours; and is, we should suppose, in a fair way of making a large fortune. Of course it is not to our interest to deter the public from advertising; but, as guardians of their interest, we think it our incumbent duty to place a lighthouse upon what we consider a dangerous shoal, which may, perhaps, sooner or later, prevent shipwreck and ruin to the sanguine and inexperienced about to navigate in such waters.

The Editor of the "Edinburgh Review," in a number published about three years ago, stated, that he considered he was making a desirable bequest to posterity, by handing down to them the amount of talent and ability required by the present class of large advertisers. At that period Holloway's mode of advertising was most prominently set forth; and if these remarks, conjointly with his, should descend to a generation to come, it will be known to what extent the subject of this article was able to carry out his views, together with the consequent expenditure in making known the merits of his preparations to nearly the whole world.—*Pictorial Times.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GEORGE LOVEJOY'S NEW SELF-ADAPTING PEN.—The above Patented Pen is in every respect an improvement on the various Pens now in use. A Specimen Card, containing one dozen Pens, with holder, sent free (on receipt of 14 postage stamps) to any part of the kingdom. Also, "The Patent Gold Pen," with point of native alloy. A single pen, with holder for either the desk or pocket, 25s. Several of these elegant and really economical Pens have been in constant use for 12 years without the least sign of beginning to wear.

Direct to George Lovejoy, Reading.

Copy of a Letter from COLONEL HAWKER, (the well-known Author on Guns and Shooting.)

Longparish House, near Whitechurch, Hants, October 21st, 1845.

SIR,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect that I have experienced by taking only a few of your LOZENGES. I had a cough, for several weeks, that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
To Mr. Keating, &c. 79, St. Paul's Church-yard. F. HAWKER.

Are patronized also by his Majesty the King of Prussia, his Majesty the King of Hanover, and most of the Nobility and Clergy of the United Kingdom, and are especially recommended by the faculty.

Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 14d. and tins, 2s. 9d. 4s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c. No. 79, St. Paul's Church-yard, London, and retail by all druggists and patent medicine vendors in the kingdom.

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